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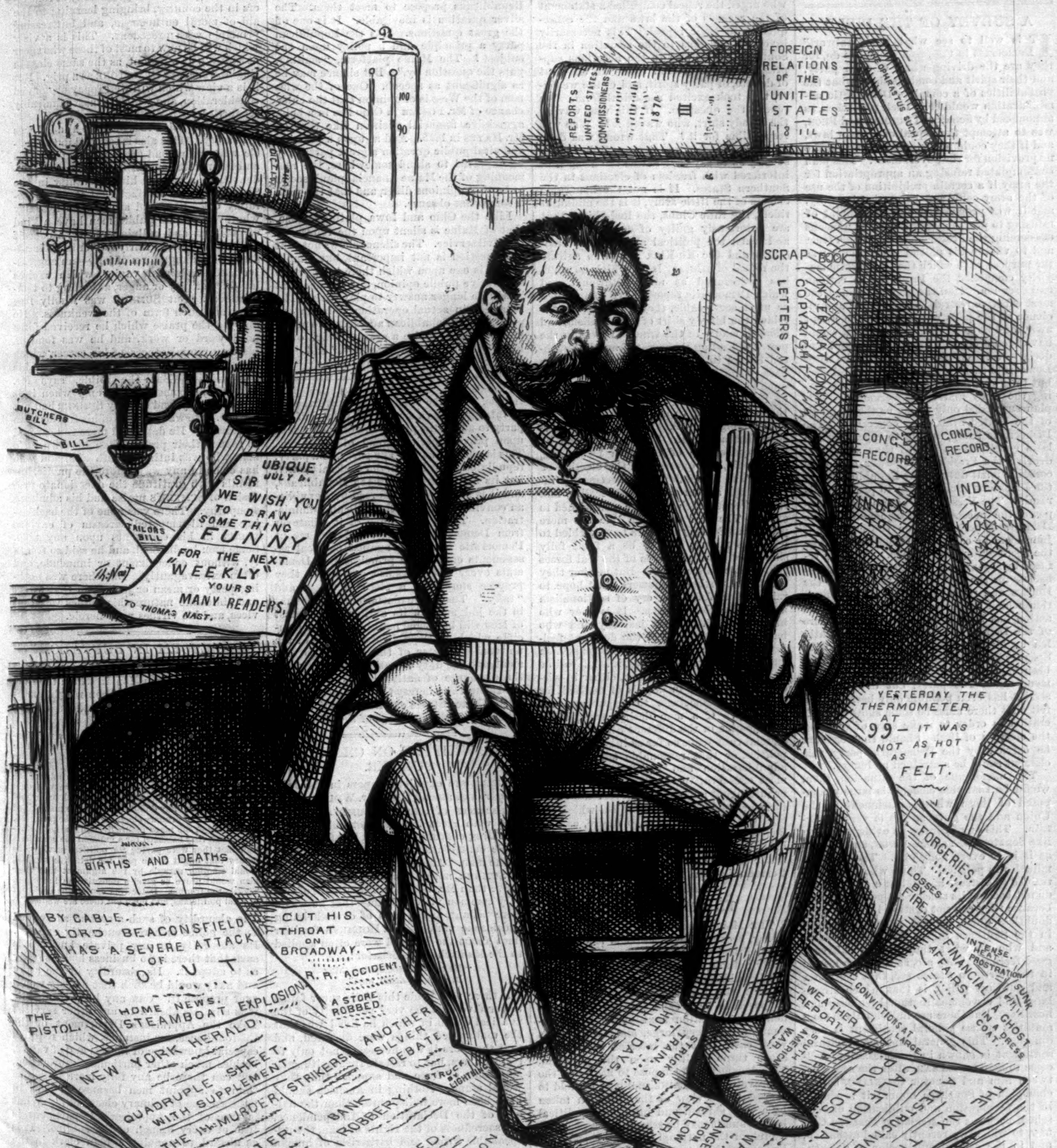
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BUTCHERS BILL
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UBIQUE JULY 1.
SIR WE WISH YOU TO DRAW SOMETHING FUNNY FOR THE NEXT "WEEKLY" YOURS MANY READERS,
TO THOMAS NAST.
Th: Nast
YESTERDAY THE THERMOMETER AT 99 – IT WAS NOT AS HOT AS IT FELT.
FORGERIES.
LOSSES BY FIRE.
INTENSE HEAT. PROSTRATION
FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.
SUNK
A GHOST IN A DRESS COAT.
CONVICTIONS AT LARGE.
WEATHER REPORT.
BIRTHS AND DEATHS
BY CABLE. LORD BEACONSFIELD HAS A SEVERE ATTACK OF GOUT.
HOME NEWS. STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION
THE PISTOL.
CUT HIS THROAT ON BROADWAY.
R. R. ACCIDENT
A STORE ROBBED.
ANOTHER SILVER DEBATE.
STRUCK BY LIGHTNING
NEW YORK HERALD.
QUADRUPLE SHEET. WITH SUPPLEMENT.
THE 1st MURDER.
STRIKERS.
BANK ROBBERY.
DISASTER.
A WOMAN BUTCHERED.
WASHINGTON NEWS.
ANOTHER VETO
STATE DEBT
INDIAN OUTBREAK
HOT DAYS.
STRUCK BY A TRAIN.
YELLOW FEVER
DANGER FROM
WAR.
SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.
THE N.Y. TIMES.
A DESTRUCTIVE STORM.
CALIFORNIA POLITICS.

OUR ARTIST TRYING TO THINK OF SOMETHING "*FUNNY*."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 19, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains an interesting sketch of an ascent of the Pieter Both Mountain, in Mauritius, and a variety of choice reading matter.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A SURVEY OF THE FIELD.

It is well to see what the "stalwart" Democrats in Congress wished to do, for they are the driving-wheel of their party, and their spirit and conduct show what the probabilities of a complete Democratic administration would be. Their plan, then, as announced by Senators Thurman and Beck, was to attempt the repeal of certain laws, and if they could not succeed, then to make no provision for the government. This plan contemplated refusing an appropriation for the army if a certain prohibition of the use of the army could not be carried lawfully, and it was proposed to use this threat of refusing to provide for the army as a means of coercing the President to betray his trust and to violate his official oath. This was the purpose with which the Democratic majority compelled the President to call an extra session. Had the plan succeeded, the most effective restraints upon fraud and violence at the polls would have been swept away, and no good result of any kind would have been secured. When the prompt and decisive vetoes baffled this scheme, the wiser Democrats saw that it must be abandoned, but the "stalwarts" were still hot for starving the army and the government. This plan succeeded only so far as the marshals of the United States are concerned. The Democratic party, unable to repeal certain laws constitutionally, has thus sought to deprive the President of power to do his constitutional duty. The Republicans and the President tried in vain to prevent this result. The President's vetoes plainly exposed the necessary consequences of the Democratic action, and on the eve of adjournment he called upon Congress to make the necessary appropriations. Congress refused by adjourning, and it would have been useless for the President to re-assemble the Houses and renew to-morrow the proposition which they rejected yesterday. This action has been taken under the pressure of the Democratic "stalwarts," apparently led by Mr. Blackburn, of Kentucky, with Speaker Randall as his squire. They have been thus far held in check by the wiser members of the party, but doubtless restraint has been possible only because it is felt that there must be some show of moderation in order to make sure of carrying the election of 1880. Should that election be carried by the Democratic party, this element could be restrained no longer.

The misfortune of the situation, then, would be that this element is largely composed of those whose attachment to the Union and the government is very uncertain. This is, of course, as evident to men like Senators Bayard, Gordon, and Lamar as it is to every body else. There are no miracles in politics. Those who have been trained to distrust and detest a government do not become its sincere supporters merely because they can not destroy it. There are doubtless quiet, earnest, patriotic citizens in the Southern States who desire peace, and who do what they can to cultivate good feeling. They see, as the same people in the Northern States see, that the worst and guiltiest policy is that which stimulates and envenoms sectional jealousy and hostility. But there are individuals in communities whose general sentiment is very different. This general and not unnatural sentiment is shown in the Mississippi welcome to Senator Lamar, after the scene between him and Senator Conkling, as the champion of Southern honor; it is shown in the preparation and publication of such school-books as the *Manual of Southern Oratory*, to which we recently called attention, and in the careful cultivation of "Southern" feeling as opposed to national feeling and love of country. It is shown still further in the debate invited by Democrats in Congress upon the theory of State sovereignty, and by the attempt of the Democratic press to magnify the States as against the nation. All these are unmistakable indications. They cover with suspicion every Democratic argument as intended to procure, by means of fraud and violence, the ascendency of a party whose doctrines are essentially hostile to the supremacy of the Union. Individual Democrats may truthfully allege that they are as national and patriotic as any men can be; but what good argument can be urged for the triumph of a party whose chief political distinction is that its theory calls in question the settlements of the war, and whose chief strength lies among those who have the least actual or traditional loyalty to the government?

The Republican party is accused of fostering sectionalism and of arousing perpetually the slumbering animosities of the war. But who have done most to revive sectional feeling, those who proposed to retain the laws securing fair elections, or those who struck at the army, and tried to make bull-dozing and electoral cheating easy? Those who urged the repeal compelled a statement of the reasons of the laws and the consequences of their repeal. This necessarily involved allusions to the situation in the Southern States and to the notorious suppression of the colored vote. In the heat of debate, of party spirit, and of the weather, this took excited rhetorical form. We repeat the question. If this was waving the bloody shirt, who waved it? Who was responsible for it? That wrong was done by the laws was not asserted. Nobody was so silly as to say that it was the army that interfered with freedom of elections in the Southern States. It is not the honorable officers of the little army, it is the midnight riders, the Rifle Clubs, the Red-Shirts, that are notoriously guilty of coercing voters, and when the political allies of the Red-Shirts and the Ku-Klux began to agitate the repeal of salutary laws, which no court has condemned as unconstitutional, and which Democratic reports have commended as most serviceable, they deliberately unfolded the bloody shirt of sectionalism, and shook it madly in the wind. It was in the power of leading Democrats from the Southern States to frustrate this policy of the party that they rule, and they have not done it. Every Northern State Convention of Republicans begins by affirming, what the war seemed to settle, that States are not sovereign, and that the Union is in practical fact a nation. This will be, and by the acquiescence of Southern Democrats, apparently, the question of the election of 1880. The discussion will necessarily involve that appeal to sectional feeling and reminiscence which patriotic men wished to avoid. The fact that men like the more prominent Southern leaders have yielded to what they must feel to be a fatal folly shows their consciousness of the real forces that control their party. But neither they nor their Northern followers must hope to raise successfully the cry of sectionalism against the Republicans. It is they who have appealed to that jealousy, and who have consequently fired the dormant feelings of the war, so that as the extra session ends and Congress disperses, it is impossible to point to one great reason, either in wisdom of policy or in details of method, for preferring Democratic to Republican ascendency. If a man desires tranquillity with justice in the different States, or commercial confidence so far as it is affected by politics, or that reasonable steadiness of administration and legislation which is most conservative of the general welfare, or intelligent and sincere movements of reform, or, indeed, any great object which patriotic Americans ought to desire, can he honestly say—whatever his disgust with individual Republicans—that there is a fairer promise of any one of them under Democratic supremacy?

THE MAINE VIEW.

The Maine Convention is always interesting, because the election is the first of the political year; and this year it is especially notable, because the State was lost to the Republicans last year, and because Mr. Blaine, the Maine Republican leader, is supposed to be a candidate for the Presidential nomination next year. The Convention was very large, and 1184 ballots were cast. But the interest beyond the State turns mainly upon the platform. This document we suppose to have had the approval of Mr. Blaine, and may be held to represent the view of the situation taken by a very shrewd and intelligent political leader, and it may be scanned as a probable sketch of the national platform that would be acceptable to him. It asserts very strongly the truth upon which he has always warmly insisted, and upon which the Republican party cordially agrees with him, that this country is a nation, and not a confederacy of States. It applauds "the noble and patriotic position taken by President Hayes and the Republican members of both Houses of Congress" in maintaining the wise and just laws which guard the elections, and it protests against the Democratic re-opening of settled sectional issues. This, as we understand it, is the unanimous voice of the Republican party. The platform then demands "good honest money," opposes irredeemable paper currency, rejoices that it is now redeemable in coin, and condemns tampering with "the currency of the people." Locally, the platform sustains the principle of prohibition, and demands economy and prudence.

The financial plank, like that of Ohio and Iowa, is a simple "let-alone" declaration. It avoids the silver question by the word "coin," and all other questions by praising resumption and deprecating agitation. It is good as far as it goes. But it is negative. Acquiescence in resumption is not a policy, because resumption will be endangered if Democratic and Greenback plans succeed, and the question is how the Republicans propose to meet them. The silver question is inevitable. It is one of the great questions. Has the Republican party a principle and a policy upon the subject? The Maine platform, "smiling, puts the question by." But silence may be as significant as speech. One of the wise men of the West is of opinion that the chief chance of Mr. Foster in Ohio lies in a bold, aggressive financial position like that of Mr. Hayes in 1875. And as upon a pressing and vital public question a great party may be expected to stand somewhere, the real meaning of the Maine financial plank seems to be that opinions differ, and that the path is somewhat obscure.

Like the Ohio and Iowa platforms, also, that of Maine is silent upon the reform of the civil service. The silence shows not that the question is not important, but simply that it is one upon which there is as yet no imperative public opinion, and yet one that it will no longer answer to play with. The reform is in actual operation at important points under Republican auspices. To praise it would be to praise a system which overlooks "the claims" of "the boys" and "the workers." It would be applauding "the politics of angels and heaven," which would be unbecoming hard-headed, practical politicians. But the silence must nevertheless be interpreted as a sign of the refusal of the party to adopt the principle of appointment upon proved merit instead of patronage. This is nothing new. The party, as a party, repudiated the reform under General Grant, but its spirit survives among Republicans, and it is successfully enforced by Republican conviction under a Republican Administration. There is no hope of it whatever from Democratic success, and the recent Democratic resolution against political assessments embodies a principle that Democrats every where despise, and which they propose simply as a piece of "gag" and "taffy." The Maine platform indicates that in the judgment of its authors the contest of 1880 will be waged mainly upon the principle which all Republicans accept—of the national character of the general government, and the duty of national protection in the discharge of national duty, as against the Democratic heresy that the government of the United States can not "enter" a State except upon the summons of the State.

MR. WHIPPLE ON CHARLES SUMNER.

There are excellent papers in the July *Harper*, and among them Mr. Whipple's reminiscences of Charles Sumner will be read with great interest, not only for the sparkling charm of its style, but for its valuable contribution to the proper estimate of the man. Among all that has been said of Sumner, nothing is more striking or incisive than Mr. Whipple's treatment of two very common views of him—that he was a mere pedant, and a man of overwhelming and insane vanity. Dr. Holmes's familiar lines about the katydid were often applied to the Massachusetts Senator:

> "He says an undisputed thing
> In such a solemn way."

But those who made this little sneer failed to perceive that the very peculiarity of the political epoch in which he lived was that the undisputed things were disputed, and that therefore it was necessary not only to restate them, but to restate them with such amplitude of force and support that they would stand. Nothing in America should have been more indisputable than the axioms of the Declaration of Independence, the sacredness of the rights of man, the unspeakable wrong and barbarism of human slavery; but nothing was more tenaciously and offensively disputed.

It was just here that Sumner's "pedantry" proved to be the highest patriotism and the bulwark of principle. When it was held, as Mr. Whipple says, that the most common truisms were damnable paradoxes, it was fortunate that there was a man capable of sustaining them, not by an appeal to instinct only, but by an array of the consenting testimony of the most illustrious of mankind in every age and country. Thus, as our author says, he could not be dismissed as "a mere freedom screecher," for he screeched Grotius and Puffendorf; he screeched L'Hôpital and Turgot; he screeched Hale, Holt, Mansfield, Chatham, Camden, Burke, and Fox; he screeched Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Marshall, Jackson, Story, and Webster. He answered slave-holders out of the mouths of greater slave-holders, and men who quailed and chafed under his tremendous battery of facts and precedents had no reply but the puerile whine that he practiced before a looking-glass. Even Douglas, confounded by the pitiless pelting of Sumner's knowledge, could only answer with a sneer. It was thus, as Mr. Whipple shows, that Sumner came to be the leading man of the great body of reformers in the country, bringing learning to the aid of moral enthusiasm, and buttressing principle with precedent. This is a view which will be new to most of those who sneer at Sumner as a pedant, as the same class in England sneer at Gladstone as a prig. But it is a view which will well repay prolonged consideration, and which is most admirably set forth by Mr. Whipple.

The other point to which we alluded was his vanity. This also is touched in the article with a diamond spear point of analysis and interpretation. Nothing was more evident than a certain kind of vanity in the Senator, except the fact that it was absolutely child-like, and aroused no hostility whatever. Some public men have a kind of pompous and bullying vanity, a conceit which makes them fairly quiver in their address, like a huge form of jelly—an aggressive and disdainful vanity, which excites laughter or pity or anger, according to temperament. But Sumner was wholly free from any such form of the weakness. He enjoyed the praise which he received for a good word or work, and he was fond of his own reminiscences of his career, which were full of interest and instruction to his companions. But the foible, says Mr. Whipple, becomes a vice only when it is allied to envy, and of envy Sumner had not a trace. He was prouder of his friends than of himself. He delighted more to hear and to repeat their praises than his own. No man who was intimate with him, and who has come in any way before the public, but recalls with gratitude the affectionate profusion of Sumner's praise and his admiring sympathy. There was none of the backbiting and ill-tempered sarcasm of envious vanity in his comments upon any man. Some men he disliked, and he said so frankly, without concealment or innuendo, and often extravagantly. But there was nothing petty or mean or jealous in that sweet and child-like nature: his foibles were not vices, and his virtues were heroic.

REFORM IN BUFFALO.

The murder of Mrs. Hull has occasioned a great deal of discussion, in which the New York detective force has been roughly handled by the press. The *Herald*, in one of its articles, said, pungently:

> "If a real Vidocq, or a real Vautrin, or a real Monsieur Lecocq, or a real Inspector Bucket should be recommended for a vacant place on our police, with indubitable evidences of his peculiar genius, and on the same day some supple citizen, famous only for the capacity with which he could 'run a primary,' should be recommended for the same place, which one would get it? Without any doubt whatever the man skilled in the science of primary elections would be preferred. He would get the place assuredly, and the police authorities, if they balanced for a moment the consideration that they were paying for political services the money that ought to be paid for detective services, would smother scruple by the argument that their man would prove as good a detective as the other. That is the trouble. Detectives can not be made out of local politicians, and none but these are wanted."

The absurdity of such a system as applied to the police is here trenchantly exposed. Its absurdity in any private business is such that there is no business house so silly as to adopt it. Its absurdity in the army and navy would be such that nobody would ever propose it. Can any body show why it is any less absurd in any other service? Take the Appraiser's Department of the Custom-house, for instance, which requires especial knowledge of fabrics and of values, besides much other particular information, and can there be any folly more ludicrous than to appoint men because of skill in "the science of primary elections?" What is true of the Appraiser's Department is true of every branch of the service. It is as absurd to appoint a man clerk in the Post-office, or weigher, inspector, or entry clerk in the Custom-house, because he is good at a primary, as to make him a detective for the same reason.

The absurdity is not removed by reiterating that it is indispensable. Indispensable to what? To the public service? Not at all, but to party success. That is a tradition, but it is not a truth. It is indispensable to the plans of certain party politicians, but not to the success of a party. Or —and the other horn is not less sharp—if patronage be a power so great as to be necessary to a party, then it gives the successful party an advantage which destroys the popular system itself, by enabling a party to maintain its ascendency by illicit means. It was lately said that the principle of civil service reform is dangerous, because it would make the office-holders an enormous army by themselves. This is a comical misconception. The office-holders are an army by themselves, and they are dangerous under a system of patronage, because then they are all henchmen of the party in power, all striving desperately for its success, not because they care for its principles, but because it is the condition of their livelihood. The moment they cease to be the drilled and unanimous cohort of a party, they are no more dangerous as a class than any other class in the community.

The reformed system which has been put into most successful operation in the New York Post-office and Custom-house has proved that selection by competitive examination, and upon grounds of merit alone, is perfectly practicable for designating most capable officers. It is a system which selects the one who is most generally intelligent and especially informed among equal competitors, and puts him upon trial to prove his efficiency. Is not this somewhat preferable to a system which appoints upon the request of a ward politician or a member of Congress? The result at the New York Post-office and the Custom-house is a conclusive answer to the question, and we are very glad to record that the good work has been begun in Buffalo, at the instance of the President, and under the auspices of the Collector. An inspectorship was recently filled by a fair and open competition upon the general system established in the city of New York. Twenty candidates appeared in accordance with the rules, and the examination was held in the presence of prominent citizens. The three highest names upon the list were submitted to the Collector, who promptly chose the first, and made the appointment. The successful competitor was a Swede, and the Buffalo *Express* says that "it must be conceded that the proceedings were conducted throughout with honesty and impartiality, to the entire exclusion of improper considerations, and solely with a view to the selection of the best man who should present himself for examination and appointment." It says that "beyond question Mr. Thunell [the successful competitor] has the practical business experience and capacity which eminently fit a man for the customs service." These, indeed, seem to be quite as legitimate considerations as the question whether Mr. Thunell would be likely to busy himself at the primaries to send an Administration delegation to the State Convention. We certainly hope that Buffalo will send such a delegation, but that it will be selected by the Republican voters, and not by the Custom-house. All these instances of conformity to a wise system will show to those who are really interested the practicability of the new method, and they will all aid in educating public opinion. It is certainly a great gain for good politics and good morals when such appointments are made, not as means of carrying the next primaries, nor as rewards for carrying the last, but because of proved intelligence and fitness for the public service. Indeed, enough has been done already to prove that administrative reform is perfectly practicable, and it ought to be confirmed and continued by law

THE JINGO DECLINE AND FALL.

Mr. Jennings, the London correspondent of the New York *World*, speaks very positively of the English political situation, and in a tone which will probably surprise many American readers. He is a sagacious political observer, and, as was evident when he was editorially connected with the American press, he is not a Liberal in the English sense. His remarks upon Mr. Gladstone in his days of power were often almost contemptuously severe. He disliked him exceedingly, and had usually a kind word for Mr. Disraeli. But in one of his latest letters Mr. Jennings says, unqualifiedly, "Unless some very unexpected event should happen to defeat all calculations, the Conservatives will be beaten at the next general election, a Liberal government will come in, and Mr. Gladstone will take his place at the head of it." And it is scarcely a year since the Congress of Berlin, and peace with honor and with garters! If this expectation be correct, the political revulsion in England will be like an earthquake. It was but a year ago—on the 4th of July, last year—that an enthusiastic Englishman said of Lord Beaconsfield, "He is the greatest British minister since Lord Chatham;" and now one of his old friends, who premises that he has "never been a Gladstonian," says that if there be a general election, the peer of Lord Chatham will go out, and Mr. Gladstone will come in. We trust that he is correct. The return of Mr. Gladstone to power would be the return of the England of Parliamentary liberty and peace and principle, the England of Milton and Hampden and Pym, the England which exiled the Stuart, and which Americans respect and admire.

The letter of Mr. Jennings quotes a recent *mot* of Lord Beaconsfield. A lady asked him what no one else could have dared to ask—how long his ministry would last. "As long as Mr. Gladstone lasts," he answered. This was an immense compliment to Mr. Gladstone, but it was an audacious assertion, for it was virtually saying that the Tory ministry is immortal. For Mr. Gladstone stands for the Laureate's England, the land

> "that broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent."

He is but a representative. He will last as the solid, steady, law-loving, and thoroughly English England. A Jingo-Tory ministry will hardly last as long as that. The theory upon which the return of Mr. Gladstone is based is the general popular conviction that "the people's William" is a financial magician, and can extricate the country from the morass of hard times in which it is staggering and toiling. He appeared at a late assembly of journalists and artists, and was greatly applauded even by his opponents, while a few months since he would have been coldly received in silence. "Depend upon it, his day is coming again," says Mr. Jennings.

His official day may be returning, but the day of his unofficial power in England will be the most remarkable of his career. During the last two or three years, since he first raised his voice for tortured Bulgaria, challenging the Beaconsfield indifference and intrigue, Mr. Gladstone has been the representative Englishman. It was the England that heard in other days the Waldenses and Piedmont which spoke with his voice to the dazed and drugged conscience of his country. This is the England which he has illustrated through all the Jingo delirium, until now his opponents are forced to see that he, and not the glittering seeker of the Moonstone, is "the true Englishman." He relies upon the national conscience as well as upon the national pride, and his unflinching and persuasive fidelity to English honesty during the truculent heydey of Jingoism, and his present justification, are the most interesting and honorable events of his illustrious public career.

THE KING NEVER DIES.

Nothing could be more absurd than the late reported contention in France, among the partisans of Napoleon, over the right to the succession. So long as the spell of the extraordinary power of Napoleon Bonaparte rested upon France, exalted by her historians, sung by her poets, the theme of her most inspiring traditions, and the synonym of her "glory," it was plain that his family would have great consideration, and that some one of them might use his name to secure power, as he himself had used his genius. Louis Napoleon was the one who did it. But his career was such a travesty of the great Napoleon's that with his downfall and death all glamour passed away from the name. A more vulgar and disastrous extinction of a name which had been conspicuous, and which for so long a time had "held the world in awe," could not be imagined; and meanwhile the rapid political development of France amid the universal monarchical disillusion of the age has antiquated the Napoleonic era as if it had been that of Charlemagne. But the king never dies.

When the late young Prince went to the Zulu war, and left behind him the letter which has been published, and which implied that he considered himself a royal heir, there was the good-humored smile on the public face with which Brobdingnag looked at the lively Captain Gulliver. It was remembered that his melodramatic father had taken him to the "baptism of fire" in the early days of the German war, and every body hoped that the lad would come to no harm among the savages. But his sudden and sad death led to a ludicrous discussion among a certain set of Frenchmen of the question, who should be regarded by them as the rightful ruler of France. Jerome's son, known as Prince Plon-Plon, brother-in-law of King Humbert of Italy, said that there could be no doubt that, as the king never dies, he was the heir. But he added that he did not propose to become a pretender, but certainly should not waive his claim in favor of any body else. This view has now been confirmed by the will of the unfortunate young Prince, which treats France as if it were an estate of his "house." There is something very comical in the thought of a good-natured corpulent gentleman in Paris gravely remarking that he cherishes no intention of stepping into a palace, and beginning to dispose of the welfare of the French people, without so much as "by your leave."

There are several French gentlemen who occupy this queer position of claiming to be the rightful rulers of other Frenchmen, because the king never dies. There are the Count of Chambord, the excellent Plon-Plon, and the Count of Paris, who, however, will see the Count of Chambord first served. No wonder that French politics are difficult when the friends of the existing form of government are only one party among other parties which desire another form of government, and when the great object of administration is to prevent the government itself from being overthrown. In this country we think that our situation is troublesome, as it always seems to the party in power. But what should we think if Mr. Tilden and General Butler and Senator Edmunds claimed to be President by right and for life, and had each of them a large party, but graciously consented not to assert their claims until they saw a good chance of establishing them? That sense of repose and consent which is indispensable to prosperity would necessarily be wanting. And if Mr. Tilden should die, an announcement from Mr. Pelton that he succeeded his uncle as claimant of the perpetual Presidency, which, however, he would not now attempt to enforce, would place us in the position of France and Prince Plon-Plon. Since the king never dies, and no man can renounce a crown for a successor who chooses to claim it, the French Republic will be apparently always menaced by these ghosts of kingly crowns that will not be laid.

THE BERNHARDT.

The new French actress Sarah Bernhardt is described by all the London correspondents as one of the most fascinating of women. "She has carried the town by storm," says one; "when she appears in the Park, a thrill runs through London." Another announces a fact "full of interest for Americans," that she says she is coming to America. There is the utmost curiosity about her rooms, and her appearance, and her manners; she has superseded all the reigning "pretty women," and is the most prodigious "lion" that London has seen for a long time. There is, however, a protest, and there are not wanting adverse voices which are loud with the familiar "very well, but not so very great," which always attends the popular pæan for the current celebrity. The Bernhardt is noted not only for acting, but for her skill in modelling and in painting, and for her "unique personality," so that although mademoiselle is said to be the mother of four children, and although London society is severely censorious, it is reported that all doors fly open at her coming, and that where she is expected nothing avails until she appears. Mr. Smalley, of the *Tribune*, describes a party at which, in a black dress and a straw hat, with much white lace about the throat, she was introduced to Mr. Gladstone, whom she received with marked grace and marked dignity, while the accomplished statesman was more than usually deferential in his address to her.

The adverse voices say that she is not as great an actress as either Rachel or Ristori. But the critic who mentions Rachel and Ristori as artists upon the same plane must expect to be called to account. Rachel was incomparable. Ristori was a very excellent actress. But Ristori can be compared with Rachel only as Nilsson may be compared with Jenny Lind. Both Rachel and Jenny Lind were unique. Mademoiselle Bernhardt, doubtless, like Rachel, is of the marvellous Hebrew race, which at every epoch of modern civilization supplies some of the most eminent names in every department. The meeting of Lord Beaconsfield and the Bernhardt in a fine London drawing-room would be a striking scene in that Wondrous Tale of Alroy which the Prime Minister's life has been. It would be a confirmation and illustration of his faith that the Hebrew genius is still the ruling genius of the world. His own career has done much to vindicate his view.

Of the Bernhardt's works in the plastic arts it is difficult to obtain any clear impression from the descriptions. The glamour which her personality throws upon every scene in which she takes part evidently affects the spectators and critics of her works of art. But the same adverse voices which declare her to be a good actress, but inferior to Rachel and Ristori, also insist that she is an amateur artist, and inferior to certain other amateurs. It is very comical to remark that with all the warm admiration, it is also asserted that she understands the art of advertising, and that she loves money, as Rachel was said to love it. This remark may mean simply that the critic is used to be on the alert for every form of advertisement, and therefore naturally concludes that an actress who plays for money, and whose attraction and consequent reward depend upon her prestige, is designedly engaged in puffing herself in every thing that she does which increases her notoriety. This is not fair to the actress, because she first makes herself noted by her talent and charm, and the attraction and prestige are therefore perfectly legitimate. Mademoiselle Bernhardt will probably come to this country, because New York is too large a city to be overlooked by a famous actress in her prime.

PERSONAL.

One of the most unique private libraries in the country is that of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, numbering some five thousand volumes. Besides the finest editions of the best English and American works, it contains many volumes that are very precious from the autographs of the authors, or letters from distinguished personages who have at some time possessed them. Among them is a little 18mo of 8 pages, dated May 17, 1703, written in a small clear hand, the lines close together. This is an original sermon of the Rev. Cotton Mather. Another work is the original manuscript of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Consular Experiences*, 37 pages, remarkable for the beauty of the pages, the clean sheets, and its freedom from alterations and erasures. Next is the manuscript of Mr. Bryant's First Book of the Iliad. These form but a very small portion of the rare manuscripts in the collection. The largest of them all, and probably the most unique, is the complete manuscript of Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend*, bound in two volumes, quarto. This is the only complete manuscript of any of Dickens's novels outside the South Kensington Museum. One of the curious and comical things in the library is a copy of Hood's *Comic Annual*, presented by the author to Dickens, with the following inscription in Hood's handwriting, which has never been published, but is too good not to see the light. It is as follows:

> Pshaw! away with leaf and berry
>   And the sober-sided cup!
> Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,
>   And a bumper fill me up!
> Tho' I had a pledge to shiver,
>   And the longest ever was—
> Ere his vessel leaves our river,
>   I will drink a health to Boz!
>
> Here's success to all his antics,
>   Since it pleases him to roam,
> And to paddle o'er Atlantic's,
>   After such a *sale* at home!—
> May he shun all rocks whatever,
>   And the shallow sand that lurks—
> And his passage be as clever
>   As the best among his works!
>
> Thos. Hood.

—Dr. William Howard Russell is to receive two thousand guineas for the campaign he has gone to make as correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* in Zululand.

—General Sherman, while at the military school at Orchard Lake, Michigan, recently, said he was frequently asked by young men what books would best fit them for the military profession. He replied it was difficult to answer, and said that it reminded him of a similar question addressed to "Corporal Wooster," at West Point, in 1836, by a cadet who is now a learned judge of a United States Court: "What must I do to become a first-class soldier?" "Obey orders," was the only answer.

—Mr. Reuben M. Springer has given to the Cincinnati College of Music $5000 in railroad bonds, the income to be used in yearly awards to those pupils who by superior industry and talent attain the greatest proficiency in their musical studies.

—Miss Braddon, the well-known novelist, was the only representative of feminine literature on the English Reception Committee at the recent Congress of Authors in London.

—Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, assisted by one or two members of the French company, gave a little comedy performance at a private residence in London a few days since, for which she was paid $500. It took an hour, and was witnessed by a parlorful of most exclusively exclusive people; but it got into the papers, was talked about, and thus the point was gained. The London "society" papers say that Mlle. Bernhardt has as many engagements already made for these fashionable entertainments as she can fill during the season.

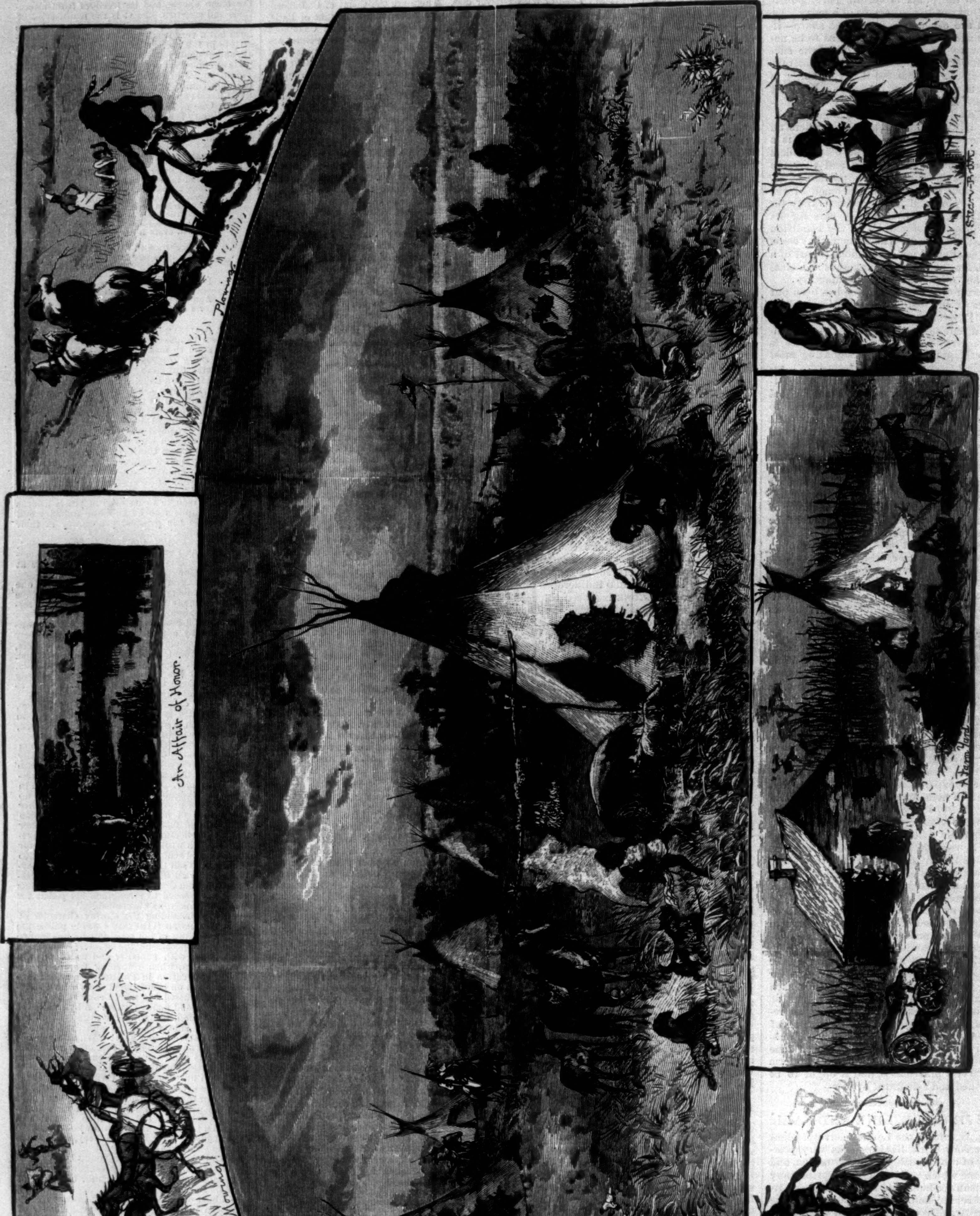
—In the old Adams homestead at Quincy, Massachusetts, is a room that is preserved in the condition in which it was left by Lafayette, who was the guest of John Quincy Adams.

—The "walk and conversation" of good men are alluded to in the good Book as being equally essential. It sometimes happens, as in the case of Weston, that leg power over*laps* the conversational faculty. Oddly enough, he was born in *Providence*, though really his steps have given no indication of providential guidance. His father was a man of restless brain, full of Utopian schemes, and finally died insane. His mother was an intellectual woman, and after her husband's death wrote several creditable books for children, and sent her walking Edward out into the world to sell them. He travelled over Providence, over all Rhode Island and parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut, doing this, and thus early commenced to strengthen his pedals for "feats of wondrous walkmanship."

—Notwithstanding the stormy character of William Lloyd Garrison's whole public life up to the close of the rebellion, he was known in private as possessing the sweetest temper, and overflowing with geniality and anecdote. On one occasion, when returning from an anti-slavery convention in Philadelphia, he fell into conversation on board the steamer with a slave-holder, discussed the whole subject, kept perfectly cool, and finally retired. A by-stander of less discretion, resuming the argument on the antislavery side, waxed hot and denunciatory, when the slave-holder said: "Why do you not talk coolly and candidly as that other gentleman did? It is a pleasure to discuss the question with a reasonable man like him, but you are as fierce and unreasonable as Garrison himself." "Did you ever see Garrison?" inquired the interlocutor of the slave-holder. "No, but I have read his paper, and know him to be a wild fanatic." "Let me tell you, then, that it was William Lloyd Garrison with whom you were talking just now, and who, you say, was so candid and sweet-tempered."

—Mr. D. F. Davis, a rising young lawyer, aged thirty-six, handsome and unassuming, has been nominated by the Republicans for Governor of Maine. Son of a clergyman.

—A bust of Frederick Douglass was recently placed in Sibley Hall, of the University of Rochester. The ceremonies were entirely informal, and Mr. Douglass himself, not being notified officially of the event, could take no public notice of it. In response, however, to a private communication, he has written a letter containing some very interesting reminiscences of his early life, with reference to the wonderful changes that have befallen his race since he was a slave-boy in the South. "It seems only a little while ago," he says, "when, a child, I might have been seen fighting with old Nep, my mother's dog, for a small share of the few crumbs that fell from the kitchen table; when I slept on the hearth, covering my feet from the cold with the warm ashes, and my head with a corn bag; only a little while ago dragged to prison to be sold to the highest bidder, exposed for sale like a beast of burden; later on put out to live with Covey, the negro-breaker; beaten, and almost broken in spirit, having little hope either for myself or my race; yet here I am alive and active, and with my race enjoying citizenship in the freest and prospectively the most powerful nation on the globe."


Ploughing
An Affair of Honor
Mowing
A Steam Bath
A Farm Yard
Going to Work

AN INDIAN VILLAGE, NEAR STANDING ROCK.—Drawn by William A. Rogers.—[See Page 567.]

A TEN-DOLLAR BILL.

Miss Julia Tyrrel sat before the fire with her feet on the fender, and a ten-dollar bill in her hand. To ordinary mortals a ten-dollar bill is a ten dollar-bill—that, and nothing more; but to Julia it meant an evening of enchantment.

"I shall buy white gloves, white satin ribbon, and a fan," she whispered, softly, "and Charley will be sure to bring a bouquet. My dress isn't very shabby, and if it was, he would never notice. I ought to have an opera cloak and lots of other things, and I ought—yes, I ought to pay madame my week's rent. But nobody does every thing he ought to do, and it is not my fault if I have a fifty-dollar way for every ten-dollar bill."

Then she looked thoughtfully at the bill, and turned it over in her pretty white hands. As she did so, she noticed a name written in small clear letters in one corner. The characters were so small that she had to take the note to the window in order to decipher them. But very little puzzled those bright young eyes. "I see," she said, nodding her head wisely. "'John Henry Brookes.' I wonder who he is, and what made him write his name on a bill that is everybody's—mine just at present, and going to A. T. Stewart in half an hour. Not a pretty name either. I dare say he is some little snob that thinks there is only one man in the world, and he is John Henry Brookes."

It was snowing heavily by this time, but Julia cared little for that. It was not a block to the stage, and the stage would put her down at Stewart's door. It was always a little holiday to Julia to go shopping; and even if it was only a ten-dollar shopping, nobody knew that but herself, and it gave her perfect freedom to look as if she could buy all the silks and laces she wanted.

A man would not know how to spend twenty minutes in buying a pair of gloves and three yards of satin ribbon. Julia spent two very pleasant hours about it, and then, not being able to come to a decision about the fan, she determined to walk up to Union Square, and have half a dozen stores to select from. It was quite fair and bright by this time, the sky blue, the air soft, and not very cold; so with a light rapid step she hurried along, pausing every few minutes before some gay window, and considering its contents as carefully as if she really meant to buy them.

Just turning into the square, some one said, "Julia! don't cut me in that direct way."

"Why, Charley, who ever thought of seeing you here at this time of day? I have been buying gloves. Have you got the tickets?"

"I was just going up town to see you."

"Good boy! Now what is the matter? You ought to be cutting up the world with a pair of scissors in that den of yours near City Hall. What are you doing among decent people on Broadway at three o'clock in the afternoon?"

"Well, something has happened."

"Oh, Charley! What? Is it nice?"

"I don't say it's bad, exactly."

"I'll tell you what: we'll go into Bigot's and have some oysters, and you shall tell me all about it. Have you money enough, Charley?"

"I have two dollars, July, and I would rather spend them in that way than keep them."

"Of course. Besides, you would not keep them anyway, and you might waste them—and we are just here. I declare it is a pleasant providence meeting you. Shopping is such hungry work, and I was just thinking of oysters."

"I wish you had been thinking of me, July; but you never do that."

"Oh no, never! Charley, you know I do; but I can't afford to do it often, and that's a fact. Dear me! how nice the warmth is, and the fragrant smells of cake and things! I am afraid, Charley, I am a little gourmande. Would you respect me with such a character?"

"You know I like every fault you have. I think they are every one charming."

"Thank you, Charley;" and the words had a tone that set them quite apart from the rest of the conversation. "Here are the oysters and coffee; now make them bring some celery, and then tell me how you come to be taking lunch with me at three-o'clock in the afternoon, and it not Sunday."

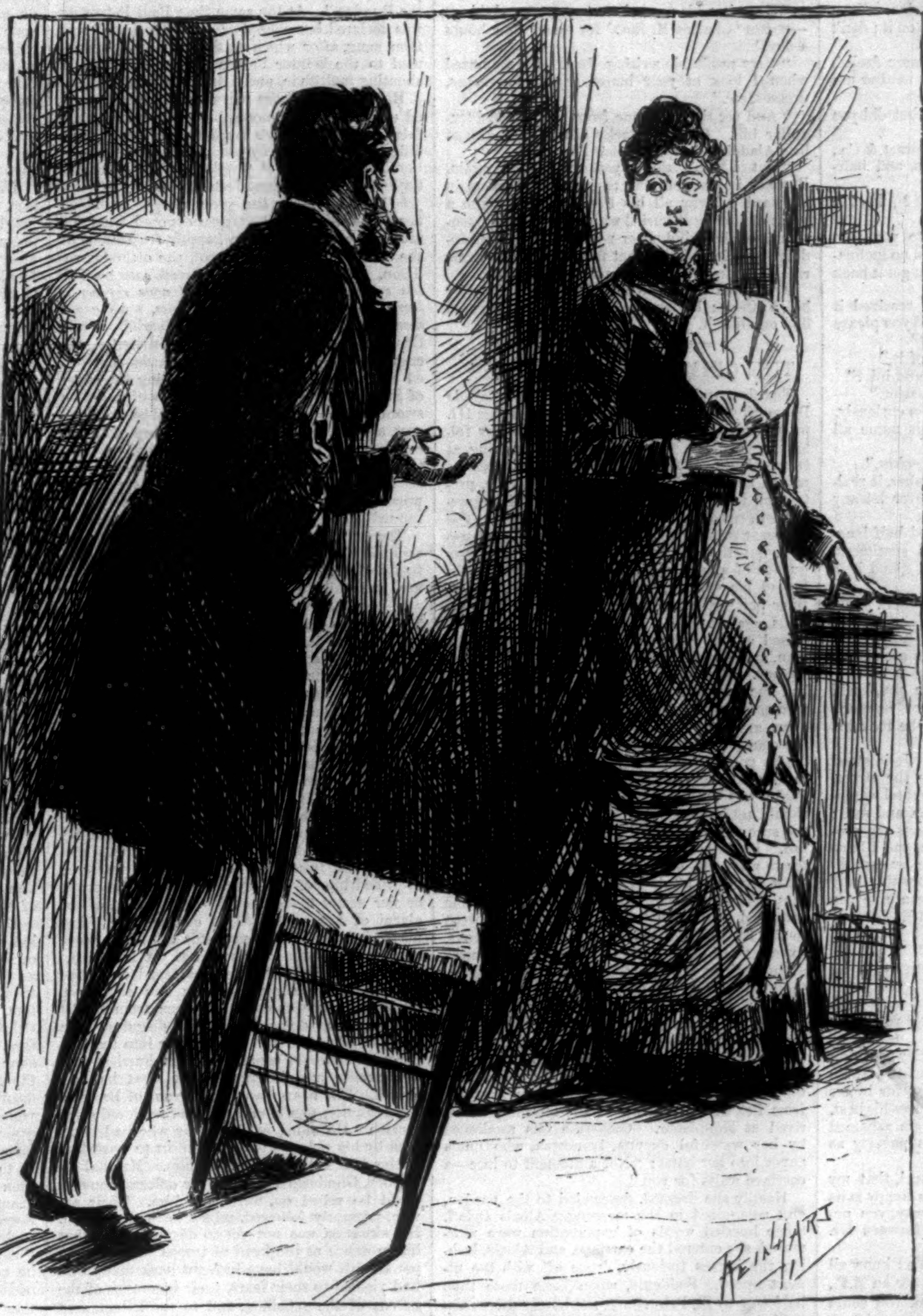
"I thought you were taking lunch with me, July; but it is all the same; and if you had met me five minutes earlier, you would have seen the cause of my holiday. He's a regular swell, I tell you—an English gentleman."

"Now, Charley, you need not try to impose on me. You've been collecting bills, I guess."

"Honor bright, July. I have been entertaining a very rich Englishman, and an M. P. at that."

"What is his name—or title?"

"He has no title; he is only a Mr. Brookes at present, but he'll be a baronet some day; and he brought the chief letters from some of the biggest London editors. He is one of those statistical gentlemen who want facts, and he's got no end of money, and a fine 'place' in Somersetshire—wherever that is."



"I DO NOT LOVE YOU, MR. BROOKES."

"It is in England, goosey."

"Very well, I've no objection: I only wish he was there too, for—don't be angry, July—I have to go to the opera with him to-night; he made me promise, and I could not refuse."

"But you had a prior engagement with me, Sir, and I shall not release you, so don't imagine I shall."

"I don't want to be released; you know that; but what am I to do?"

"Why did you not tell him you had an engagement with a lady?"

"I might go to his hotel, and tell him so yet."

"Certainly, that is the proper thing to do. Where is he staying?"

"At the Fifth Avenue."

"Very well, we can walk together so far; then you can have an interview with this Mr. Brookes, and come and tell me the result."

An hour afterward, as Julia sat in her room, making her white satin ribbon into bows, a servant entered and said, "A gentleman, miss, in the parlor, to see you."

She laid her bows carefully on the bed, covered them with a clean handkerchief, and went down stairs. Charley stood on the hearth-rug, looking into the blaze with a perplexed look. Julia went and stood beside him.

"Well, Sir?"

"Well, July, I saw Mr. Brookes."

"Yes?"

"I told him I had forgotten that I had a prior engagement with a lady, and that in America ladies always came first."

"Very proper. I am glad you told him that. I believe Englishmen consider us quite secondary. Charley, it is your duty to give him a lesson on that subject. What did he say?"

"That perhaps the lady would excuse me—under the circumstances."

"No, Sir, she won't. It is a national question now, Charley; the honor of your country-women is in your hands, Sir. And 'the circumstances?' what are they?"

"His being a stranger—a very prominent stranger—and all that."

"I snap my fingers at 'the circumstances.' He is a man, and a rich man; if he can't take care of himself, he can hire a policeman to go with him."

Charley laughed. "July, you are too pretty for any thing. I have a great mind not to tell you the rest. I have a presentiment that I am cutting my own throat—breaking my heart, I mean."

"Go on, Charley: what did he say next?"

"He asked if the lady was my mother."

The two looked at each other a moment, and then went into a paroxysm of laughter. Julia recovered first.

"Oh, Charley, that is really too English! Why could he not have said at once, 'Is she young and pretty, and are you in love with her?'—that's the way a New-Yorker would have put it."

"That he wonld; but Englishmen are all trained in circumlocution offices. I told him the lady was a beautiful, bewildering, bewitching, brilliant member of the New York press, and that I durst not on any account offend her, for I did not know what terrible things she might write about me."

"Very good indeed! What then?"

"He proposed to go with us. He said he had no objections to the lady's company."

"'No objections!' How kind of him! Well?"

"So I changed our tickets, and got three seats together. He will be our guest, July; and treat him decently, dear. I think from what he says he is curious about American women."

"Oh! Well, Charley, you must make him come here for me, and mind you get a nice carriage; and you must go now, for it will take me two full hours to dress to-night."

She went up stairs a little excited, and laid out thoughtfully the well-used black silk dress. It was not so bad, after all. "I have new laces and ribbons and fresh flowers; I dare say I shall look well enough," she thought. And then: "Brookes!—that is twice to-day Brookes has been forced on my attention. It did not trouble me long the first time, and I dare say I shall get rid of the second intrusion quite as easily."

She took great pains with her toilet—but she always did that. And though she was dressed on time, she kept the gentlemen waiting for her a full quarter of an hour. But as she never kept Charley waiting, she hoped he would understand her motive, and do all in his power to make the Englishman feel that he was waiting on a woman. Somehow she had got the idea that Mr. Brookes would feel it a humiliation. But if he did, he had either admirable self-control or really fine manners. He chatted with Charley, quite oblivious of the lapse of time, and rose to meet Miss Tyrrel with an air of such indifference as to the opera, that Julia really had the impression that he would just as willingly stay where he was as go.

And he was a nice fellow, too. In spite of his scrupulous toilet and his formal manners, he contrived to make the night a thoroughly delightful one to Julia. He did not give her an opportunity to say a single saucy thing; he was so charmed with America and every one in it that Julia declared "he deserved to be a New-Yorker. However, Mr. Brookes," she added, with mock seriousness, "good Englishmen come to New York when they die."

Gentlemen generally "talk over" the ladies who have adorned their evenings, but Mr. Brookes did not make a single remark about Miss Tyrrel. Charley wished he had. He had watched the two with a burning heart all through the opera, and he told himself with jealous anger that July had never looked so lovely or been so brilliant and entertaining.

"And that Brookes," he muttered, "did nothing but watch her. He is in love, of course; no fellow could help it; and he has nothing to do but buy the ring and order the wedding cake. Fifty thousand pounds a year, and a title coming by-and-by—and I have fifteen hundred dollars, and no particular expectations of any kind. Of course July will take him—any woman would; and though July is an angel, she likes silk dresses and things of that sort. I wish I hadn't been such a fool! I only wanted him to see what a wonderful girl loved me, if I was a poor devil of a writer, and now I'll bet he cuts me out. Serve me right, too!"

To such reflections as these poor Charley's pen and scissors went all the next day, and many days afterward. For Mr. Brookes having made Miss Tyrrel the regular formal visit, went again and again, until they were very good friends.

"I am going with Mr. Brookes sleighing to-morrow, Charley," said Julia, one evening, a month after their first meeting.

"I suppose you will be going to England with him some day soon. When are you to be married?"

"Charley Rath, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Do you think I want to marry every man who treats me decently? You have not time to take me riding, you dear old busy darling, and must I refuse 'the goods the gods provide' unless they send them by your hands?"

Then poor Charley was all penitence and confidence and adoration. Sometimes he had a chivalrous feeling of friendship for his rival, and half persuaded himself that he would be willing to surrender Julia to a man so able to make her happy and honored. Then, again, he had an insane hope that his hotel would burn down, or his horse throw him, or his dinner choke him. He did not do his work very well in those days; but his chief excused him. He had suffered himself once from "perfidious woman;" he corrected Charley's proof with a sigh, and hoped the attack would not last long.

To Julia the winter passed very happily. She loved music and riding, and Mr. Brookes was always glad to gratify these tastes. She had no suspicion that he regarded their pleasant companionship in any other light than one of mutual entertainment. Of course Mr. Brookes knew that she loved Charley Rath; he had often seen them together, and she had never attempted to conceal the relation in which they stood to each other.

One beautiful spring evening, Julia, Charley, and Mr. Brookes stood together at the open window. Suddenly Brookes took out his pocket-book, and said, "Look here, Mr. Rath"—and he unfolded a ten-dollar bill and smoothed it carefully out—"do you see any thing remarkable about that bill?"

"No," said Charley, carelessly. "It seems good enough; but I am no expert."

Julia glanced at the bill and smiled. "I can guess what you mean."

"Impossible."

"Yes, I can. There is 'William Henry Brookes' written on the left-hand corner in very small characters." Brookes looked amazed; and Julia, laughing, said, "You need not be afraid of me; I am not a medium, and I have not the second-sight. I came by my knowledge in a very natural way. Is William Henry your name?"

"It is, Miss Julia. May I ask you to tell us the secret of your information?"

"You had better first tell how you came to do so absurd a thing as write your name in such a place. It would make me feel as if I was wandering about the country looking for myself."

"Well, it was a whim. Rich Englishmen are allowed to have whims; it is one of the privileges of their condition. That bill was the first American money I touched; I got it on board the steamer; and I wrote my name on it in an idle whim, whose source I did not then analyze, and certainly can not now. The first time I went on Broadway I went into a bookseller's and bought a map and guide to the city, and I paid for it with the marked note. I think I did this knowingly, but I am not sure; in fact, I had only a passing interest in the matter. That must have been about the 14th of January."

"And on the 16th I got it in payment for some writing. I know it was the 16th, for I was to go with Charley to hear Lucca, and I wanted new gloves and a new fan, and I had only that one ten dollars. Then, too, I did not feel very sure if I ought to spend it in that way. I sat thinking and thinking and turning the bill in my hand; finally I saw the writing—and that very night I saw also the writer."

"And what impression did it make on you, Miss Julia? I am very curious to know."

"I don't like to tell. You will feel hurt."

"No, I will not. Tell me the plain truth."

"Well, I thought, this William Henry Brookes is a snob who imagines himself the only man in the world. Then I reflected how conceited he must be to put his name on what he has only a passing use in."

"Thank you, Miss Julia, for your honesty. I shall never claim another bill unless I mean to keep it absolutely in my own possession. Then I would have a right to put my name on it; don't you think so?"

"Certainly; but that would be a more foolish whim than the other: you would get neither use nor interest for your money."

"I should have my whim. But what did you do with the bill?"

"I paid it into the treasury of Stewart & Co., and got in exchange gloves, ribbons, and hair-pins."

"And you did not forget the name? That is strange."

"Not at all. I was introduced to you that night, and I have had no leisure—and no inclination—to forget it since. How did you get it back again?"

"I paid my hotel bill to-day, and received it among other notes in exchange. Will you please look and see if it really is the same?"

"Yes. I think there is no doubt of it."

"Now will you kindly get me pen and ink?"

"You will find them in the other parlor."

Brookes rose, and Julia followed him curiously. He spread out the bill, and wrote his name all over it in large, clear characters.

"You have made it useless, Mr. Brookes."

"It is too precious to use. Remember, it really introduced me to you. I shall never let any strange hand touch it again."

"Ah," said Julia, half pettishly and half longingly, "you are rich, and can afford sentiment. As for me, I should be compelled to spend it in a week."

"What a lot of nonsense altogether!" said Charley, with angry contempt.

"Of course," answered Julia, scornfully, "it is nonsense to you, Sir. Ten-dollar bills are simply beefsteak and cigars in your eyes."

"July, I did not expect this from you," said the poor fellow; and with a look of reproach that made her feel utterly wretched, he took his hat and left them.

For some minutes no one spoke. Julia stood at the window watching Charley up the street, and Mr. Brookes leaned against the mantel watching Julia. At length he went to her, and said: "Miss Tyrrel, this little incident affects me profoundly. I am a matter-of-fact man, and I have not known how to indicate my love by complimentary speeches. But I do love you with all my soul, and if you will be my wife, I can give you one of the most enviable positions in England."

"I do not love you, Mr. Brookes."

"But you might learn."

"Oh, never! I love Charley Rath 'with all my soul.'"

"Thank you again for being so honest with me. But if you love Mr. Rath, why did you speak so—so—"

"Cruelly? Oh, I don't know; Charley provokes me sometimes. We have been engaged three years, both of us working and hoping for better days; but they don't come. Charley does his best, though; it is not his fault; and I am ashamed of myself for making him feel his poverty so terribly."

"I beg you to believe, Miss Tyrrel, that my love is no selfish one. To make you happy is its fondest hope—happy in your own way, you understand. Can I do any thing to forward Mr. Rath's prospects?"

"Yes, I really think you could. You know all the famous London editors, and you are an M.P., and a rich man too. I should think you could easily get Charley some position that would afford us enough to live on. You see, I don't want much: I can make all my own dresses, and I know how to keep house and cook, and I can write too."

"My dear young lady," said Brookes, and his eyes were misty with tears, "you deserve every thing that you can desire. Be very sure I shall not forget you." And kissing her hand, he murmured over it a "farewell," and departed.

All this happened about five years ago. I was July's confidante at the time, and I must say I felt annoyed at her refusal of the rich Englishman. "You were real selfish, July," I said; "you might have remembered what a nice place your house would have been for me to come to every year, and I am just sick to go to England, too."

But one day in the autumn I got a letter from July which made me suspect something unusually good had happened. "Come here directly," wrote July. "Charley and I are going to be married. We are going to be married on Wednesday next, and we sail for London on Saturday."

I went immediately to see July; but there was no getting her to behave reasonably. It was Charley this, and Charley that, till I was sick of the monotony. She was like a wild bird, flying up and down stairs, singing and chattering. I really never dreamed that any girl in her senses could have been so happy on the verge of such an awful, awful experiment as marriage.

However, she always wrote such extravagant letters that I hoped the best in her case; and last summer I went to see her, and so had an opportunity of judging for myself. Charley met me, and took me at once to their house at Richmond. I never was so amazed in my life. It was really a splendid mansion—quite aristocratic, indeed—and the furnishing, the silver, and servants were all in keeping. They had also a handsome carriage and horses, and Julia was dressed like the Queen of Sheba.

"My dear girl," I said, as we sat chatting in my room, "you don't mean to tell me that all this splendor comes out of an inkstand? If so, I don't go back to New York; I shall ask Charley to put me in the way of picking up the crumbs that fall from the editor's table."

"Didn't I tell you that Charley is in the 'Customs' now? Mr. Brookes got him a very lucrative position."

"I should think so. Then he does not write now?"

"He writes his name, love, to papers and things—writes 'Charles M. Rath' for about four hours a day."

"Very profitable writing, July. I am amazed when I look at your house, gardens, servants, dresses, etc."

"And yet they all came from that marked ten-dollar bill. It was a lucky bill to me—almost like Aladdin's lamp. I wish I had it."

"But I don't think you will get it again. Brookes is just the man to fold his heart up in it, hoard it away all his life, and then make a point of having it buried with him. I think sentiment of that kind sheer nonsense, but I will indulge any Englishman that fancies it, at the same rate of interest that it has paid you, July."

And Julia said, with a sigh, "It was a lucky bill, Frances; I wish every poor good girl could find one like it."

THE CRIME OF AN EMPRESS.

THE fleet and the regiments destined to invade Denmark were ready at Cronstadt, and Peter III. proposed to take the command on the day following his festa. He was then entertaining at Oranienbaum a party of the most distinguished nobles and ladies of the court. Catherine, pretending that he had threatened her with imprisonment, remained secreted at Monplaisir. The Emperor was to be seized on his arrival at Peterhoff, but the event was precipitated in consequence of a soldier of Passik's regiment inquiring of his captain, whom he supposed to be of their party, at what hour they were to take up arms against him. The officer was much surprised at the question, yet dissembled with the man, and drew from him the secret of the conspiracy. Passik was immediately arrested, but had the presence of mind to avail himself of a moment to write on a scrap of paper: "Instantly, or we are lost." He thrust this into the hand of the man placed temporarily over him, telling him that a good reward awaited him if he carried it to the Princess Daschkoff. She received it. Panin was with her. She proposed that they should act immediately, to save themselves from the sure vengeance of the Czar should their plot fail. Panin was not willing; he said it was better to wait, and seemed rather to desire to withdraw from the affair altogether. But the Princess, after dismissing him, dressed herself, as she often did, in the uniform of the Guards, and went to the Pont Vert, the usual place of rendezvous, to meet Orloff and other officers. Her news alarmed them greatly; that night, they declared, their work must be done, lest both troops and people should assemble for the defense of their sovereign. Their own soldiers, on whom alone they could rely, having bribed them with promises of money and brandy, were prepared to rise at the first signal, and Alexis Orloff undertook the perilous commission of fetching the Empress from Peterhoff. At two in the morning he arrived at Monplaisir. Catherine was awakened by her watchful duenna, Ivanowna, who put a paper into her hand: "Not a moment to lose—a carriage waits for you."

Hastily she dressed, descended to the garden, and recognized in the messenger Alexis Orloff. Some hurried words of explanation were murmured, she entered the carriage, and Alexis, lashing the horses furiously, drove off with the utmost speed. Suddenly, when little more than half way to St. Petersburg, the hardly driven animals came to a stand-still, then fell, exhausted, to the ground. All efforts to revive them were unavailing. Every moment of delay was fraught with danger. Catherine and her companion therefore determined to continue their journey on foot. They had proceeded some distance when a peasant's cart overtook them. Alexis hailed the driver; Catherine was placed in his wretched jolting vehicle, and in this ignominious fashion the Empress entered the capital, at seven in the morning, worn out with bodily fatigue, but undaunted in spirit. She proceeded to the quarters of the Ismaïloff Guards, when about thirty half-naked soldiers came out to receive her. Alarmed that the whole of the three companies did not turn out on her arrival, as she had expected, she, in a broken, tearful voice, told the men who had gathered round her that she had fled from Peterhoff to seek protection from the Czar, who intended that night to kill both her and her son. That, as she could escape death only by flight, she had come to place herself in the hands of the troops, in fullest reliance upon them. Their indignation at this supposed inhumanity was as great as she had looked for. Officers and men soon assembled in large numbers. The Razumoffskys and Orloffs then appeared, and while the rage and resentment of the soldiers toward the hapless Czar were at their height, the chaplain of the Ismaïloff regiment was summoned to swear them all on the crucifix to die if needful in the cause of injured innocence. Beer and brandy were then distributed, which induced other regiments to follow their example. Some officers, not in the confidence of the conspirators, objected to these proceedings, and were unceremoniously seized and placed under arrest. What seemed to threaten failure had, so far, favored the plot, and at this juncture the Princess Daschkoff, in the uniform of the Guards, came on the scene. At the head of a small band of soldiers she rode through the streets to assemble the partisans of the Czarina, shouting as they went loud *vivas* for the Empress Catherine. The inhabitants of the city, moved by curiosity, followed mechanically the movements of the troops, and joined in their cries. Adopting the advice of her accomplices, Catherine proceeded to the church of Kasan, where the Archbishop of Novgorod, one of the most ardent of the conspirators, was waiting in his sacerdotal vestments to receive her. Leading her to the altar, he there placed the imperial crown on her head, and in a loud voice proclaimed her "Catherine II., Empress of all the Russias." At the same time Paul Petrowitz was declared her successor. A "Te Deum" was then sung, after which Catherine was accompanied to the Winter Palace by her adherents, a shouting multitude, and a drunken soldiery.

Her calumny of the morning had been crowned with so much unlooked-for success that the falsehood of the Czar's murderous intentions was diligently circulated by the priests, and was believed by the ignorant people. On the same day Catherine issued a manifesto to her "*fidèles sujets*," setting forth the great danger to which her beloved country had been exposed from the sacrilegious intentions (so happily frustrated) of the *ci-devant* Czar to overthrow the orthodox religion. It concluded with: "*Touchée du peril de nos sujets, et surtout ne pouvant nous réfuser à leurs souhaits sincères et unanimes, nous avons montée sur notre trône impérial de Russie.*" While this manifesto was being largely distributed, the empress, in the uniform of the Guards—borrowed from Count Talitzin—and wearing the order of St. André, passed on horseback, with a drawn sword in her hand, and accompanied by the Princess, also in uniform, through the lines of troops drawn up to salute her as their sovereign. Potemkin, an ensign of the Cavalry Guards, and then a youth of sixteen, seeing that the Empress's sword was without a *dragonne*, advanced toward her and respectfully offered his own.

The curveting and capering of his horse as he rejoined his squadron gave Catherine an opportunity of observing the beauty, the graceful figure, and skillful horsemanship of the youth—seen then for the first time—who some ten or twelve years later exercised such unbounded influence over her, and who, in fact, for sixteen years ruled the empire.

Catherine and her partisans were wreathed with oak leaves. Branches of oak were carried by the people and the troops, and under the stimulating influence of brandy and beer the bacchanalian procession joyously paraded the city. In the evening Catherine and Prince Paul dined at an open window of the palace.

Riding in advance of the Emperor, who, accompanied by the nobles and ladies of the court, was on his way to Peterhoff to celebrate his festa, the aide-de-camp, Ghudowitsch, was met by a servant from Peterhoff. In great terror he informed him of the abduction of the Empress, or her secret flight from Monplaisir, and of the alarm of her household in consequence. Dismayed at this intelligence—for what had taken place at St. Petersburg was not yet known beyond the capital—the Czar hastened on to the palace. All was consternation and confusion. None could solve the mystery, when, from amidst the trembling domestics, a man, disguised as a peasant, advanced and put a paper into the Emperor's hand. It contained a few hurried lines of warning, and information of what had occurred. The bearer was the servant of Bressan, a perruquier, to whom Peter had rendered some service. He alone of the many who had benefited by his reforms made an effort to warn him of the danger that threatened him. Marshal De Munich, Ghudowitsch, and other officers who still could be relied on, were with him. Their advice, promptly followed, might have saved him. His situation was not yet so desperate but that his presence at the head of troops still not tampered with would have brought back many who had yielded to their fears, their ignorance of the extent of the rebellion, and to the influence of strong drink. But, alas! Peter had not the energy of mind the occasion demanded. His disaster had the effect of a thunder-bolt, and paralyzed him. He replied not to those who urged him to immediate action, but rushed from the palace, and wandered alone on the sea-shore. There he wasted the precious moments that should have been employed in assembling his troops and marching on the capital. When he decided to do so, it was already too late.

The Chancellor Woronzoff, however, "craved leave to set out for St. Petersburg, to remonstrate with the Empress, and bring her to her senses." Seeing how far matters had advanced, he gave in his adhesion to her. But to save appearances, and in case of a possible change of affairs, he begged to be confined in his house, with a guard set over him. Villebois and his cavalry had hitherto resisted all attempts to seduce them. The marshal also ventured on remonstrance; but Catherine imperiously silenced him. "I sent for you," she said, "not to ask your advice, but to give you my orders;" and he and his squadron soon succumbed to the pressure of the hour. Peter's messengers to Catherine were received like those of Joram to Jehu: "What hast thou to do with peace? turn thee behind me;" and like them they obeyed, and came not to him again. But again Munich counselled the wavering sovereign instantly to proceed to Cronstadt, where troops were assembled to embark for Denmark. This advice was supported by other officers, and General Liévas was sent on to announce the arrival of the Czar, who preferred to linger at Peterhoff until the evening. The delay was fatal to him. When his two yachts cast anchor in the harbor, and the answer, "The Emperor," was returned to the sentinel's *Qui vive?* "We have no Emperor," was shouted back to him, and a few *vivas* for Catherine II. immediately followed this response. This was but a *ruse* of two or three daring partisans of his audacious enemy. Had he, when Ghudowitsch seized his hand and said, "Let us jump on shore; none will dare fire on you," but done so, there still had been a chance for him. "Jump on shore; I will follow," cried the aged but intrepid De Munich. But the Countesses Woronzoff and Zamisky were in Peter's yacht; the former implored him not to leave her, and he could not decide to do so. The cables were cut in their haste to launch off. But whither should Peter betake himself? "Czar," exclaimed Munich, "you may still join your squadron at Revel. Instantly do so. Take ship there; press on to Pomerania; put yourself at the head of your army, and return to Russia. I venture to affirm that in six weeks St. Petersburg and the whole of the empire will have submitted to you." But the women were frightened, though the smooth sea and the soft summer night seemed to re-assure them and to enforce Munich's counsel. The infatuated Peter listened to their fears rather than to the entreaties of his friends, and the yachts turned their prows toward Oranienbaum.

There his Holstein regiment gathered around him, and swore to die in his defense. They conjured him to march with them to meet the Empress, who was on her way at the head of her army to fight against him. But he chose the feeble alternative of writing to her, and offered to cede the Russian crown, requiring only a pension, and permission to return to Holstein. She deigned no reply, but concerted with his messenger, his Chamberlain Ismaïloff, who was quite ready to betray him, that he should persuade him to leave his eight hundred Holsteiners at Oranienbaum, and, trusting to her clemency, return to Peterhoff. The Czar objected to this proposal, but Ismaïloff persuaded him that he endangered his life by hesitating. At length he yielded. He passed through the avenue to the palace between a double line of Cossacks. The strictest silence was observed. On alighting, the Countess Woronzoff was seized by the soldiers, and her sister Daschkoff, who was present to witness her discomfiture, tore the cordon she wore from her neck, and the Empress decorated the Princess with it. The Czar was hurried up the grand staircase. His orders and other insignia of his rank were taken from him, his pockets were searched, and the whole of his clothing, with the exception of his shirt, stripped off. Barefooted, and nearly naked, he was exposed to the outrages and insults of the soldiery. At last an old cloak was thrown over him, and he was locked in a room, and a guard placed at the door. Soon after he was visited by Count Panin, deputed by Catherine to obtain from him his abdication in due form; and on a promise that his request to return to Holstein would be acceded to, he wrote, signed, and sealed all that was asked of him. A strong guard and escort immediately entered to take him, as they represented, to the imperial palace of Robscha, but, instead, they conveyed him with great secrecy to the small country villa of Mopsa, belonging to Razumoffsky.

He had been there some days when Alexis Orloff and Teploff (natural son of the Archbishop of Novgorod) presented themselves, to announce, as they said, his speedy release, and to beg him to dine with them. According to Russian custom, small glasses of brandy were first served. Orloff had brought with him some deadly mixture, which, while his companion engaged the Czar in conversation, he contrived to pour into the glass he handed to him. Unsuspectingly he drank it off, and very soon experienced the most violent pains. Orloff handed him a second glass, saying "it would relieve him." He refused it, taxed the ruffian with his crime, and called loudly to his servant for milk. The two wretches then endeavored to force him to swallow another draught. The German valet, who had been allowed to stay with his master, hearing his cries, rushed in. Peter threw himself into his arms. "They prevented me from reigning in Sweden," he said,[*] "they have torn from me the crown of Russia, yet they are not satisfied. They would now take my life." The servant earnestly interceded for him, but was thrust out of the room. Peter, being tall and strong, for some time struggled desperately with his murderers, though both were extremely powerful men. The younger of the Counts Baratinsky, who commanded the guard, came to their aid. Orloff had already thrown his victim on his back, and, with his knee pressed on his chest, was grasping his throat with one hand while he held back his head with the other. Aided by Baratinsky, Teploff passed a handkerchief round his neck, and while Orloff held him they completed the murder by strangulation. In the violence of his struggle for life Peter so tore the face of Baratinsky that to the end of his days the scars remained—an evidence of his participation in that deed of blood.

For three days the body lay exposed at St. Alexander Newsky. It was dressed in the Prussian uniform; the lacerated hands were gloved, but the blackened face bore testimony to the kind of death the Czar had met with. Those who had the courage to comply with the Russian custom of kissing the mouth of the deceased suffered from the contact with his poisoned lips. The day of the funeral was a day of sorrow and desolation at St. Petersburg. The populace followed the soldiers with imprecations for having shed the blood of this last descendant of the great Peter. No arrests were made, for it was deemed politic to allow this demonstration of popular feeling to pass unnoticed. The Holstein Guards were the chief mourners, and received proofs of sympathy from those who but a very short time before had been foremost in execrating them. A vessel was waiting at Cronstadt, by order of the Empress, to convey these troops to their country. The next day they embarked, but the vessel had scarcely left the harbor ere it foundered, and all on board perished; as probably was intended, as no aid was offered to the drowning men.

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[*] The crown of Sweden was offered to him at the time Elizabeth chose him for her heir.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

In the series of sketches to be found on page 564, our artist, Mr. Rogers, shows some of the difficulties encountered in trying to turn Indians into farmers. The sketches were made at a settlement near Standing Rock, Upper Missouri, where an old Indian, John Grass by name, has attempted to induce his people to use ploughs, mowing-machines, and other implements of agriculture. Mr. Rogers happened to be present when the first trial at ploughing was made, with the very crooked and unsatisfactory results shown in the sketch. The experiment with the mowing-machine was disastrous. The untrained ponies, frightened by the strange clatter at their heels, ran helter-skelter across the prairie, and soon broke the machine into a thousand pieces.

One great difficulty in the way of civilizing Indians is the tenacity with which the elders cling to uncleanly habits. They will stay in their wooden cabins until the floors are covered thick with bones, and then move out into their tents, using the cabins as stables for their ponies. It is easier for them to move out than to clean house, and in addition to their habitual laziness, except in war and the chase, Indians as a rule have little sense of cleanliness and order. They must be caught very young, and brought up very strictly, to be ridden of their natural aptitude for dirt. But patience and perseverance in the work of instruction, combined with fair treatment on the part of the government, will doubtless have a good effect in time.

PLEASANT READING.

Harper & Brothers' popular "Half-hour Series," now in its third year, numbers over a hundred volumes, comprising a great variety of interesting works in the departments of history, fiction, poetry, and science, and persons who want literary amusement in country or sea-side resorts could not do better than make a selection from this convenient and neat library. Among the latest issues are Tennyson's poem *The Lover's Tale*, first published complete in this country in *Harper's Weekly*; Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*; *Gaspard de Coligny*, by Walter Besant; Thackeray's *English Humorists*, in two volumes; *The Four Georges*, by the same author; and Macaulay's *Essays on History*, and Hallam's *Constitutional History*. For those who want to combine instruction with entertainment no books are more interesting than Mrs. Conant's Primers of German and Spanish Literature, and the Greek, Latin, and English Literature Primers by Eugene Lawrence. In fiction the "Half-hour Series" includes short stories by Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, George Eliot, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, F. W. Robinson, Mary Cecil Hay, Anthony Trollope, Henry James, Jun., John Esten Cooke, and many other popular authors. These handy little volumes, so convenient to carry about, are just the thing to take into the country or on a sea-voyage, where one does not want to be burdened with unwieldy packages.

—Several very interesting volumes have lately been added to "The Leisure Hour Series," published by Henry Holt & Co. Among them are *Maid, Wife, and Widow*, by Mrs. Alexander, and *Cousins*, by L. B. Welford, both pleasant and entertaining books for summer reading; and *Wanderings in Patagonia*, a unique volume of travel which introduces the reader to a wild and almost unknown region of the world. Two excellent works, published by the same house, form a complete history of the English stage from the earliest times to the present day. They are *English Actors: Shakspeare to Macready*, by Henry B. Blake, a lively and picturesque account of stage life in all its lights and shadows; and Mrs. Kemble's *Recollections of a Girlhood*, a volume of intense interest. Holt & Co. have also lately published the third volume of "Renaissance in Italy," by John Addington Symonds. The previous volumes dealt respectively with *The Age of the Despots* and *The Revival of Learning*; the present volume is devoted to *The Fine Arts*. Each volume, though part of a series, is complete in itself. The work evinces thorough scholarship and consummate ability on the part of the author, combined with a rare talent for popular presentation.

—*Harper's Magazine* for August presents a great variety of attractions. It is especially rich in illustrated articles, and finer specimens of wood-engraving were never presented to the public than those that adorn the pages of this number. The engravings from Mr. J. D. Smillie's drawings, twenty-three in number, that accompany Mr. Benjamin's article on Lake George, have rarely been equalled in delicacy and refinement. Not less excellent, though of a different character, are the illustrations to Mr. Gibson's paper, entitled "Snug Hamlet and Hometown," engraved from the author's own drawings. Still different, but equally good in respect to drawing and engraving, are the illustrations by Mr. Rogers to Mr. Rideing's paper on the school-ship *St. Marys*, in which the life of a boy on a training-ship for the merchant marine service is described in a very clear and interesting manner. The other illustrated articles are "Chautauqua," by D. H. Post, with eight illustrations, and "Japanese Rock-Crystal," by W. E. Griffis, with five. This number is remarkable also in fiction. William Black's yachting romance, "White Wings," opens in the most promising manner, and with spirited illustrations. R. D. Blackmore, the author of *Lorna Doone*, begins a new novel, entitled "Mary Anerley." "Young Mrs. Jardine," by Miss Mulock, is continued; and besides these three serial novels, and a fascinating story by Mrs. Spofford, there is also a very striking short tale by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "Miss Mildred's Friend." The editorial departments are filled with timely and interesting matter. As a contribution to the literature for summer reading, *Harper's Magazine* for August bears away the palm from all competitors.

—A very pleasant book for the sea-side is Mr. William E. Damon's *Ocean Wonders*, published by the Appletons. It is a volume of convenient size to carry about on the beach, and contains succinct but sufficiently full descriptions of corals, sea-weeds, sponges, medusæ, fishes, marine monsters and curiosities, etc. One chapter is given to marine and fresh-water aquariums, with full directions in regard to building, stocking, and preserving them. It is an exceedingly pleasant companion for a sojourn on the yellow sands.

—*The Classics of Painting* is the title of an important work on the Italian early and high Renaissance, to be completed in thirty-four large folio numbers, each containing two plates, with biographical and descriptive text. It will form a valuable collection of the most celebrated masterpieces of the golden age of painting, reproduced in fadeless phototype. The work is published under the direction of Dr. P. F. Krell, Professor of Art History in the Academy of Industrial Art in Munich, with the co-operation of Dr. O. Eisenmann, director of the Art Gallery at Cassel, and Dr. F. Reber, director of the Art Gallery at Munich. The English edition, which is imported here by Mr. L. W. Schmidt, has been carefully prepared by Mr. J. Leonard Corning. The plates are executed with great beauty and delicacy, and the accompanying text furnishes a description and history of each picture, and a biographical sketch of the artist. Eight numbers of this beautiful work have already appeared.

A BLACK PEARL.

About a year ago an ill-clothed and needy-looking Jew went into a jeweller's shop in the Herrengasse, at Pesth, drew a small paper parcel from his pocket, unfolded it carefully, and took from it a little black object. Holding it up before the jeweller, he asked:

"What is that worth?"

After scrutinizing it very closely for some time, the jeweller replied:

"That is worth a great deal. It is a black pearl, one of the greatest rarities. I have seen many a gray one, but never before a black one. It has one fault, a small breach, which shows that it was formerly in a setting; but its value is very great. Where did you buy it?"

The Jew answered:

"A gentleman wishes to leave it with me in pawn, and I want to know what it is worth."

The jeweller said he could not exactly tell, the thing being such a rarity.

"May I lend two hundred gulden upon it?" asked the Jew.

"Three times as much, at the very least," replied the other.

"Will you not buy the pearl?"

"No, indeed," said the shop-keeper. "There is but one firm in the monarchy which would have an opportunity of selling it again; that is the court jeweller, Biedermann, at Vienna."

The Jew left with the pearl. Next day he appeared at Biedermann's shop. Biedermann, however, made a short process with his would-be customer. He had no sooner seen the black pearl than he sent for the police, and had the Jew arrested on the spot. At the hearing of his case the Jew said his name was Isaac Roth, and that he was the owner of a pawn-shop in Grosswardein. One day he saw a great stir going on outside the house of a neighbor and co-religionist, Herr Gyuri. Upon inquiry, he found that poor Gyuri was in trouble for non-payment of taxes, and that the local officer was seizing his furniture. Roth paid the needed sum, twenty gulden, out of his own pocket, and Gyuri, out of gratitude, presented him with the pearl, of whose immense value he had no conception.

The story was confirmed by witnesses from Grosswardein. Gyuri, as it seems, had been the confidential servant of a renowned man, Count Louis Batthyani, and when Batthyani died, he presented his servant with his breastpin as a memorial. Gyuri, under the pressure of want, had already sold the gold in which the pearl was set, but he would not part with the jewel, partly out of esteem for his late master, and partly from a notion that it was of no great worth.

The pearl, as the court jeweller Biedermann at once perceived, must have been stolen property at some period in its adventures. Being an authority in the history of famous jewels, he recollected that three black pearls had formerly adorned the English crown, and that they were stolen from that important symbol about two centuries ago. They were renowned as the only black pearls in the world, according to the belief of that time.

The English government, as Herr Biedermann stated, advertised for them in vain. How Count Batthyani got hold of the pearl nobody knows, but it is conjectured that he must have bought it at one of the old curiosity shops—places in which he delighted to rummage; while it is certain that he was ignorant of its value, or he would scarcely have bequeathed it to a servant, without any hint of the greatness of the bequest. The Jew of Grosswardein, according to the story current in Vienna, is now thanking the black pearl for the foundation of his fortune, since the English government, hearing of its discovery, have bought it from him for the sum of twenty thousand gulden.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It costs about $1 80 for a child to enjoy the comforts of the Summer Home for Poor Children, at Bath, Long Island, for a week, including the expense of transportation. To be sure, it requires most careful management to make such a small sum cover the actual outlay; and money might well be expended in some simple improvements of the grounds adjacent to the Home. But the pale, weary, tenement-house children regard the place as almost a paradise, and gain visibly in health and strength during their brief sojourn. The Summer Home can now accommodate 150 children. The shore at this spot is an even sandy slope, where there is no under-tow; and it is said that no accident has happened to the little bathers since the Home was opened, five years ago. The dormitories are clean and airy; good wholesome fare is provided, and an abundance of it; and the little ones are allowed every possible freedom. The change, recreation, and fresh air thus given to city children, whose only home is in close tenements, will greatly diminish the number of deaths during the summer.

What is known as the "Wilder Collection" of minerals and natural specimens has been purchased by the trustees of Williams College. It was owned by Mr. Wilder, of Hoosick Falls, and is considered one of the most elaborate in America, forty years having been occupied in completing it. It is valued at $30,000.

When the mercury freely runs up to 98°, it seems somewhat ludicrous that there should be any excitement about the method of heating the houses of our city. We feel sufficiently warm without any artificial agents. Nevertheless winter will come in due time, and the Spinola Steam-heating Company believe they have work enough to do before cold weather. This corporation has received a grant from the Sinking Fund Commissioners to lay pipes through certain streets for the purpose of supplying steam under the Holly combination system, for warming houses and cooking food. It is a gigantic enterprise, but we are learning every day that the resources of science are marvellous, and to expect that wonderful things will be accomplished.

The Emperor William is the fifth male member of the Hohenzollern family who has lived to celebrate his golden wedding.

After an interval of nearly two months, work was resumed on the Brooklyn elevated railway on June 26, and it is now expected that it will be carried forward vigorously.

College students should not be shielded from the penalties of broken law any more than others; and what are often called "college pranks" should often be regarded as serious offenses. Then, after this principle is understood, they will cease. Several of the Sophomores in the Agricultural College, near Amherst, Massachusetts, recently carried from the college grounds a cannon and ammunition, worth in all about $10,000. The property belonged to the federal government, consequently five of the perpetrators of the "joke" were arrested, and held in $300 bail for future trial. When it is the fashion to regard such jokes as simple theft, they will lose their charm.

The total amount of bullion in the Bank of England has reached the immense sum of £35,143,535—the largest amount on record—so says the London *Times* of June 27.

The *Evening Post* gives an extract from a business letter written on June 19 by William Twining, of South Rutland, New York, in which the writer says: "I was a classmate with Mr. William C. Bryant in Williams College. I left in June on account of ill health. I have since been a farmer. Was ninety years old June 14. I am as free from pain as ever in my life. My head is not bald, nor my hair white. Can walk well." The *Post*, in commenting upon the age of the writer, his legible handwriting, etc., says, "Not the least remarkable fact in this case is that one who as a youth was obliged to leave college on account of delicate health is alive and well at fourscore and ten." The reason for this doubtless appears in the simple sentence, "I have since been a farmer." A change from studious to out-door active life probably was just the thing his health demanded.

In a dense fog, on the night of Saturday, June 28, the steam-ship *City of New York*, of Alexandre's New York and Havana Line, collided with the Scotch bark *Helen*, of Dundee, when about fifteen miles south of Barnegat Light. The *Helen* sank almost immediately, and the captain and four of the crew were drowned. The *City of New York* returned to this port for repairs.

The change of the gauge of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain, and Southern Railway shows what systematic planning and energy will accomplish. Preparations had been going on for this work for some weeks. At daybreak on Sunday, June 29, over 3000 men began shifting the rails, and long before night the entire line, nearly 700 miles in length, had been changed from five feet to the standard gauge of four feet eight and one-half inches. The locomotives and cars had also been altered to correspond.

How pleasant to be a Senator when investigations ordered by the government are about to give some sixty or more Senators delightful summer trips at the expense of the government! The Committee on Public Lands has received permission to travel in the West during the Congressional recess, for the purpose of aiding in the classification and sale of public lands.

A singular instance of death from hydrophobia is mentioned in the New Haven *Journal* as occurring twenty years after the bite of the rabid dog.

Sir Henry Bessemer's great inventions have won for him a world-wide fame, and the honor of knighthood recently conferred on him by Queen Victoria only adds another laurel to the crown he has already worn. The Emperor of Austria conferred on him the rank of a Knight Commander of the Order of Francis Joseph, and the late Emperor of the French offered to his acceptance the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, in consequence of a report from the jurors of the Universal Exhibition of 1867 that his invention was of exceptional merit. He has also been the recipient of the Albert Gold Medal, presented to him by the hand of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Bessemer is said to have taken out more than one hundred patents, and has paid to the crown as much as £10,000 for stamps alone. It was in 1856 that he read before the British Association at Cheltenham his first paper on the manufacture of malleable iron and steel, which has made him and "Bessemer metal" so noted.

A handsome edition of Buffon's complete works is to be published in Paris. It will come out in parts, of which there will be 300, and when bound they will make twelve octavos. They will have 400 illustrations, 150 of them steel engravings.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of Vassar College it was decided that a separate building should be constructed for the chemical laboratory. As soon as they had agreed that this was necessary, Matthew Vassar junior promised to pay the entire cost of the building, estimated at about $25,000, and to have it ready for occupation at the beginning of the next academic year.

It is also proposed to erect a bronze statue of the founder of the institution just in front of the central entrance of the college edifice. A model in plaster is now on exhibition. It represents Mr. Vassar senior in a standing attitude, with one hand placed on a model of the main college building. The statue, when mounted on its pedestal, is to be seventeen feet high. On its base is to be inscribed a sentiment once uttered by Mr. Vassar, namely, that "the mothers of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny." The cost of the statue is estimated at from $8000 to $10,000.

The new game-law of New York State is much more concise and simple than previous ones. The following summary gives the open season for the principal kinds of game and fish, the months being inclusive in each case: Deer, from August to November; but in Suffolk and Queens counties killing deer is entirely prohibited for five years. Wild duck, goose, or brant, September to April. In Long Island waters the season opens October 1. Quails and rabbits, November to December. Partridges and prairie-chickens, meadow-larks and starlings, September to December; but partridges and quails must not be caught in nets, traps, or snares; and the killing of quails in Montgomery, Schenectady, Saratoga, and Albany counties is entirely prohibited for three years. Woodcock, August to December; but in Oneida and Herkimer counties the woodcock season does not open till September 1. Black and gray squirrels, August to January. There is no open season for moose, and protection is extended to all song-birds. The open season for speckled trout is from April to September, and for salmon and lake trout, from April to August, except at Lake George, where the season extends from May to September. The regulations for the protection of fish, however, are much varied in different parts of the State, and the special laws should be consulted by persons interested. Game would be more surely protected if there were more associations whose duty it was to attend to the enforcement of the law.

The new "Gospel tent" recently opened at the corner of Broadway and Forty-third Street, in this city, is ninety feet in diameter, and will seat about 1200 people. The dedication sermon was preached by the Rev. Arthur Brooks.

In one of the churches of Mansfield, Ohio, a telephone has been placed on the preacher's desk, and the wires carry the sermon to the homes of six persons, whose health and infirmities prevent their attendance at church.

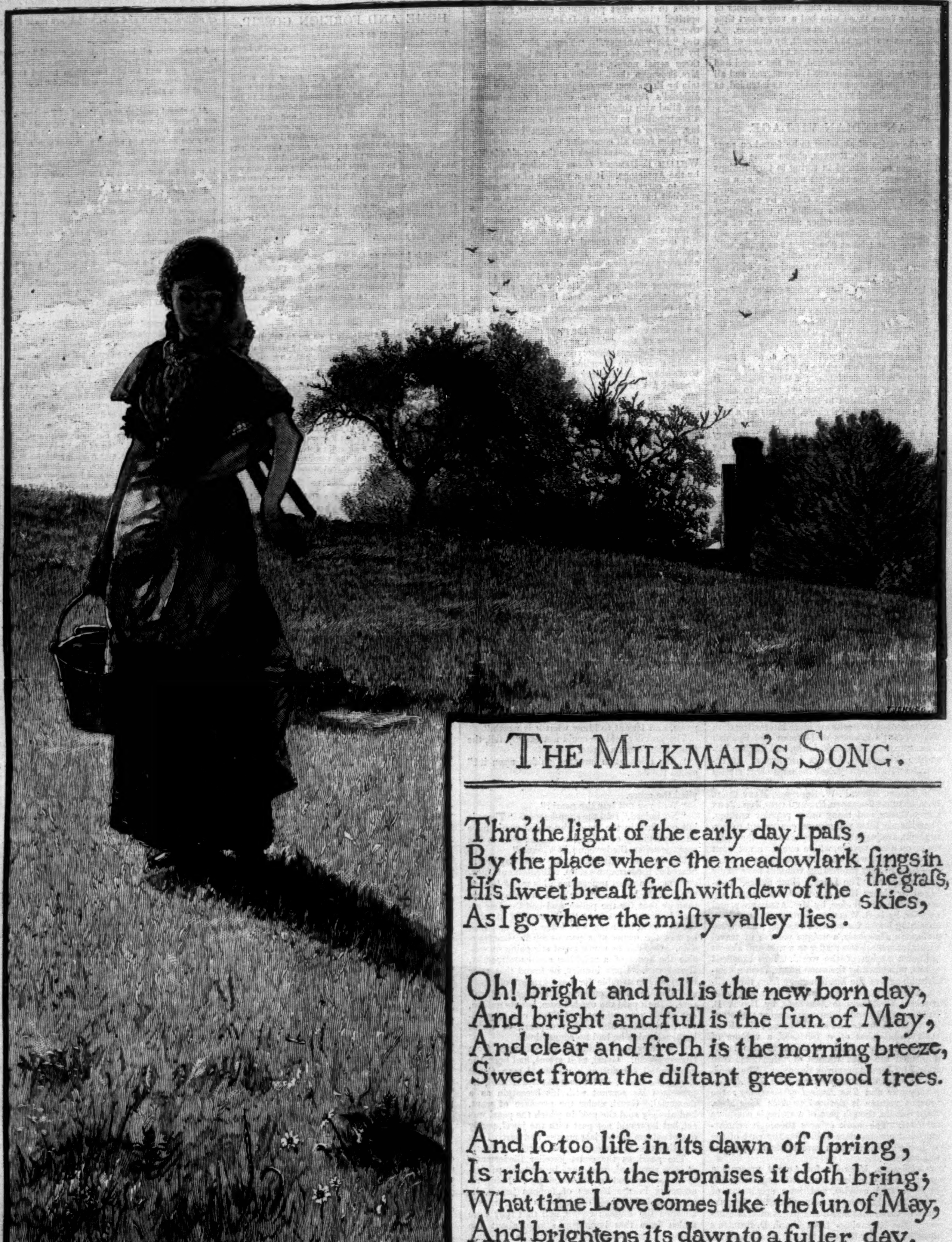
The proposition to build an under-ground and elevated railway from the Grand Central Dépôt to the City Hall has aroused much opposition and caused a good deal of excitement, particularly among property owners and residents along the proposed route. There seems to be a general feeling that there is no public demand for this route which would in any way compensate for the destruction of some of the finest thoroughfares in the city.

In Boston the movement for a memorial to William Lloyd Garrison commenced with a one-thousand-dollar subscription. It is proposed to erect a bronze statue costing $15,000.

It is estimated that the closing of the mills in Fall River will involve the idleness of twelve thousand persons. And upon the wages of these strikers many women and children depend for support. Apparently this strike will bring nothing but suffering. The manufacturers have on hand a considerable stock of goods, for which at present there is no demand, and they say that it will really be more for their advantage than their loss to close their mills for the summer, as no improvement in their business warrants an advance in wages. It is stated—and is worthy of consideration—that a large number of the employés in the mills are in no way dissatisfied with their wages, and are willing and anxious to keep at work. Consequently an unfortunate class must endure suffering at the decree of others.

Between sixty and seventy camp-meetings are announced for July and August. These occur in all parts of the country. In addition, there are to be about a dozen temperance camp-meetings.

A tale of misery, such, doubtless, as is often hidden in miserable garrets and cellars of the city, is related in an exchange, and shows what need of relief often exists. Information having been received by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children of a suffering family, an agent visited the place, and after ascending a rickety staircase to the upper story endeavored to obtain access to the rooms. A door stood partly open, but entrance was prevented by some artificial impediment. A glance revealed a sad spectacle. A drunken cripple, who obtains a wretched livelihood by medicancy, lay on the floor of the room, which was almost destitute of furniture. He was old and nearly helpless; and opposite to him, reclining on an old sofa, was his wife, her face wasted with consumption, speaking at times in husky tones to the children who were near her. One, a girl, Katey, aged eight years, attended to the wants of her dying mother by wetting her lips with water; the other, a boy five years old, was crying with hunger. The officer proposed to take the children, but the woman begged him not to deprive her of them. A few days later the stricken family were found in a garret lower down in the street, huddled together, the mother sinking rapidly, and unable to speak. After her death the children were taken charge of by the society.



THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

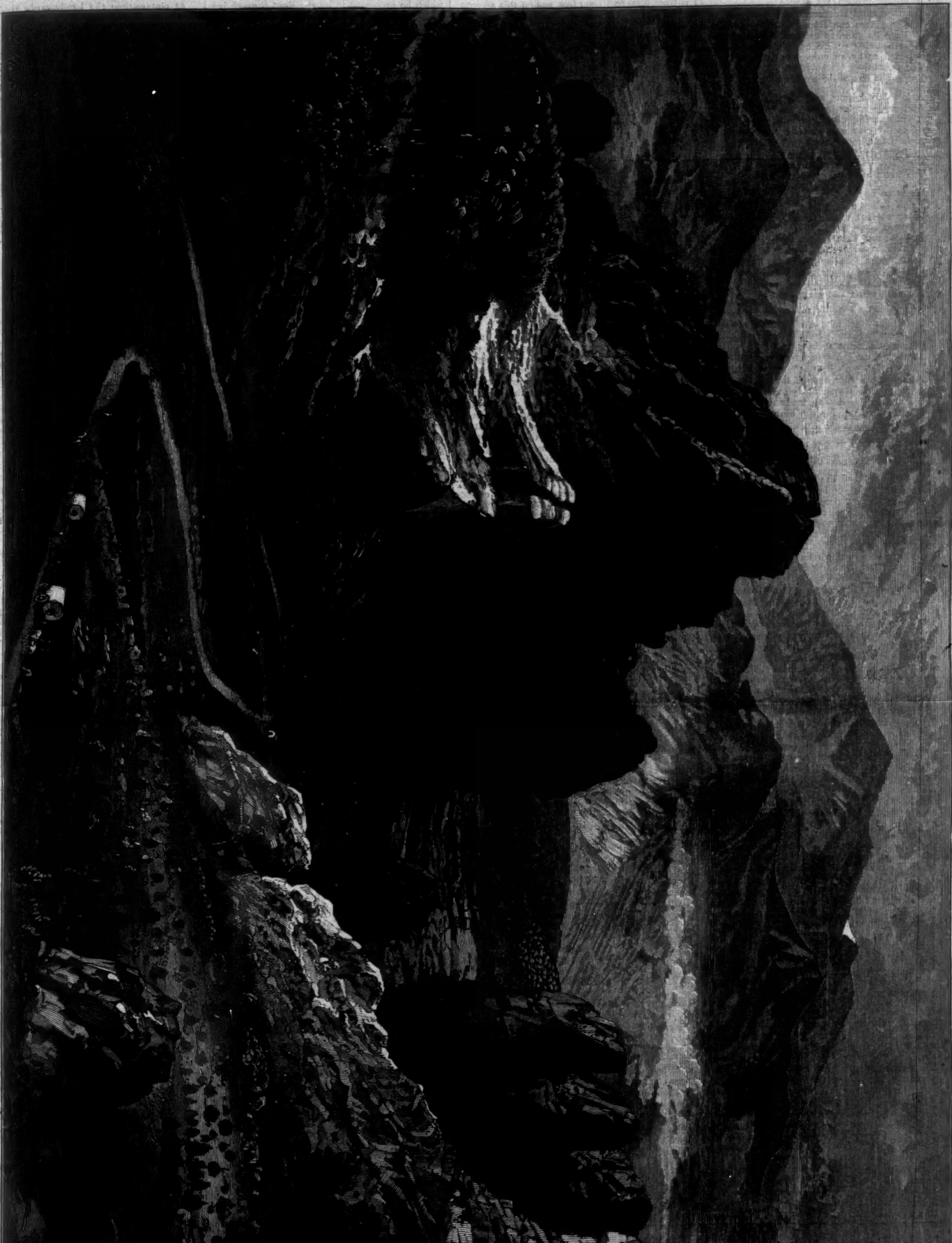
Thro' the light of the early day I paſs,
By the place where the meadowlark ſings in the graſs,
His ſweet breaſt freſh with dew of the skies,
As I go where the miſty valley lies.

Oh! bright and full is the new born day,
And bright and full is the ſun of May,
And clear and freſh is the morning breeze,
Sweet from the diſtant greenwood trees.

And ſo too life in its dawn of ſpring,
Is rich with the promiſes it doth bring;
What time Love comes like the ſun of May,
And brightens its dawn to a fuller day.

Pyle.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.



THE GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.—Drawn by Granville Perkins, from Photographs.—[See Page 570.]

MARGUERITE.

A MODEST maiden, yet a wise,
With chestnut hair and hazel eyes,
Whose glance one always liked to meet,
So deep its gaze, so calm and sweet;
Clear beaming with a quiet gladness,
Subdued as by an unknown sadness;
Too trustful in its holy love
For aught but purer worlds above.

A low, broad brow, with dreamy thought
And noble aspirations fraught;
A subtle mingling in the whole
Of earthy clay and heavenly soul;
A face that meet it where I might,
In joy to-day, in woe to-night,
Would cause (and why I can not tell)
The hot tears to my eyes to well.

'Twas so one day she crossed my path.
I half believed her not of earth,
So sweet that wistful gaze; in vain
I turned away, for look again
I must; and then I knew too well
By that, in which e'en lay the spell,
That hidden something told too true,
That ne'er in heavenly gardens grew,
As yet, this blossom, all too rare
For earthy soil and earthy air.

Ah! sweet, shy flower, 'twas not for long
That thou didst mingle with the throng;
Yet thou unconscious shed'st a ray
Of purity athwart their way,
As thou their guardian angel wert,
Though now with heavenly armor girt.
I'd not recall thee, though my eyes
Are dim with tears; though choking sighs
Fill my sad heart with many an ache,
I'll still them all for thy dear sake.

THE GREAT PARKS OF THE NORTHWEST.

THE marvels and the glories of the western part of our great continent are separated from us dwellers on the Atlantic sea-board by so many rolling prairies, mountain ranges, and swelling rivers that, were it not for the pen of the traveller and the pencil of the artist, most of us would remain forever ignorant of the wonderful natural beauties hidden in this remote region. Indeed, until very lately there was even among the most energetic explorers a dense ignorance concerning the lofty peaks and grassy slopes, the frozen lakes and steaming springs, of the Rocky Mountains. Until 1873 only small areas of our vast Territories had been surveyed and accurately mapped, the greater space having been disregarded and uncared for. In that year, however, a geological and geographical survey of Colorado was made under the able direction of Lieutenant F. V. HAYDEN, and the results have exceeded all expectations. During the summer that followed, in the Territory of Colorado the position of every leading peak within an area of 30,000 square miles was fixed. Within this district the mountain range reveals itself as one of the grandest in the world, reaching its greatest elevation, and comprising some of the most magnificent scenery ever known. Here are located the beautiful districts known since the survey as South Park, Middle Park, and San Luis Park.

Lieutenant HAYDEN and his able corps of assistants through their energetic labors have succeeded in calling attention to some of the most remarkable natural beauties of our continent. As the former remarked in a lecture delivered soon after this survey was completed, "Well may Colorado be called the Switzerland of America!" In Switzerland half a dozen or so of peaks rising to 14,000 feet may be seen, while from the summit of Mount Lincoln, in South Park, which is of itself 14,183 feet above the sea, may be seen at least fifty summits rising from 13,000 to 14,000 feet and upward. The mountains extend from east to west like sea-waves. The city of Denver, the capital of the Territory, is 5000 feet above the sea. About twelve miles to the northwest is a magnificent park, four by six miles in extent, one of the most beautiful watering-places for invalids and pleasure-seekers in Colorado. The big Thompson Creek, which, rising in Long's Peak, flows through the middle of Estes Park, is filled with trout. These little parks are so close to the high ranges, and are so sheltered, that they form fine pasture-grounds for herds of stock. Looking southward there are successive rows of pinnacles, some of them entirely wrapped in everlasting snow, others patched with it; some abrupt and pointed, others reaching their climax by soft curves and gradations that are almost imperceptible. Prominent among the majestic hosts are Gray's and Torrey's peaks, so called in honor of the two great American botanists, co-workers in that branch of science for so many years. Further yet to the southward lies Pike's Peak, that famous El Dorado of the western emigrant, whose dreams of wealth were formerly so often annihilated by a single blow from the tomahawk of a Sioux Indian. On the slope of this mountain lies the wonderful district called the Garden of the Gods, of the entrance to which we give a view in our engraving on page 569. At the "Gateway" to the Garden the visitor stands between two precipitous peaks of sandstone 200 feet apart and 350 feet high. The scene is strangely impressive, the walls forming almost an amphitheatre inclosing a patch of level earth. In the foreground there is an embankment consisting of apparently detached rocks, some of them distorted into mushroom shape, and others secreting pools of water in their hollows. The foliage is scarce, and many of the rocks rise in almost monumental forms.

The South Park, from which we wandered to speak of Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods, is about thirty miles from north to south. The drainage is entirely from northwest to southeast and east. The general elevation of the Park is from 9000 to 10,000 feet, and on this account, while the broad level basin in midsummer is covered with high grass, like a meadow, the climate will always be too severe for the successful cultivation of crops of any kind. The Middle Park, which lies directly north of the South Park, is far more complicated in its structure. It is really composed of a number of small parks, which were, in comparatively modern times, geographically speaking, fresh-water lake basins, the old lake deposits still remaining to reveal the history of the later physical changes.

Lieutenant HAYDEN's explorations in Colorado were by no means his first efforts to investigate and call attention to the magnificent natural beauties hidden in the region of the Rocky Mountains. It is to him that we owe our accurate knowledge of the Yellowstone Valley, and also the passage of the act by Congress by which the district now known as Yellowstone Park was reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale, and set apart as a pleasure-ground or public park for the benefit and enjoyment of the people. This magnificent natural expanse, which is certainly the most wonderful region in the world, has a length from north to south of 565 miles, a width from east to west of 55 miles, and comprises an area much larger than some of the German duchies, or such Atlantic States as Delaware and Rhode Island. It is, in fact, three times the size of the latter. It was first brought to notice by a party of surveyors from Helena, Montana, in 1869, and as soon as they reported its numerous natural curiosities the Surveyor-General of the Territory organized an expedition, and sent it there in the following year. The reports of the previous party having been confirmed, Lieutenant HAYDEN, at the head of a government scientific corps, entered it in 1871. The northern limit of the Yellowstone Park is at Mammoth Hot Springs, on Gardiner's River. This little stream enters into the main Yellowstone from the east, and as the visitor winds his way up the valley, he comes suddenly upon one of the most marvellous groups of hot springs in the world. The sediment deposited by the springs is mostly calcareous. There are two classes of springs in the Park—calcareous and silicious, the former depositing lime, and the latter silica. These calcareous deposits cover an area of about two square miles. The picture presents to the eye the appearance of a frozen cascade. A system of step-like terraces is formed by the water that will ever defy any description by words; the eye alone can convey any adequate conception to the mind. As the water flows over the mountain-side from one basin to the other, it constantly loses a portion of its heat, and the bather may select any temperature he may desire.

The Grand Cañon is about thirty miles in length, and has been carved out of the solid mass of trachyte, volcanic breccia, and hot-spring deposit. The Upper and Lower Falls are within a quarter of a mile of each other. The Lower Falls are 397 feet in height, while the Upper are not more than 140 feet. From the falls to the lake the distance is about fifteen miles. Groups of hot springs, mud puffs, and wonderful steaming caldrons meet us at every point. The lake itself, which is really the source of the Yellowstone River, is about twenty-two miles in length from north to south, and twelve to fifteen in width from east to west. The elevation of the lake is 7788 feet above sea-level. From the summit of the Red Mountain, on the south side of the lake, 10,343 feet above the sea, the scope of vision embraces a radius of 100 to 150 miles, within which over 400 mountain peaks, ranging from 9000 to 11,000 feet in height, may be distinctly seen. This may also be regarded as the water apex of the continent. The general elevation is 7000 to 8000 feet, and within a radius of ten to twenty miles are the sources of three of the largest rivers on the continent. Flowing northward are the numerous branches of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers. To the south are the branches of Green River, which, uniting with the great Colorado of the West, finally flows into the Gulf of California, while south and west flow the branches of Snake River, which, uniting with the Columbia, pour their vast volume of water into the Pacific Ocean. From this mountain an area of not less than 50,000 square miles is swept within the circle of vision. Ten large lakes and several smaller ones, with the entire National Park, are spread out under the eye.

When the bill for setting apart this magnificent tract of country as a national park was first brought before Congress, it gave rise to a very amusing debate. Senator EDMUNDS, who was deeply interested in its passage, advanced the idea that, the district being so far elevated above the level of the sea, it could not be used for private occupation, and therefore there would be no harm in trying to preserve it. Mr. COLE was of the opinion that the natural curiosities could not be interfered with by any thing that man could do. The geysers would remain, no matter whose the ownership of the land might be, and there seemed to him no reason why settlers should be excluded from a tract of land forty miles square. He could not see the reason or propriety of setting apart a large tract of land in the Territories of the United States for a public park. There was abundance of public park room in the Rocky Mountains that would never be occupied. It was all one great park, and could never be any thing else, or at least large portions of it could not. There were some places—and perhaps this was one—where persons could and would go and settle, and improve and cultivate the grounds. At this point Mr. EDMUNDS inquired if his fellow-Senator had forgotten that the district in question was over 7000 feet above the level of the sea, adding: "You can not cultivate that kind of ground." This statement sealed Mr. EDMUNDS's fate, so far as the debate was concerned. Mr. COLE lost no time in informing him that ground of a greater height had been cultivated and occupied; after which he proceeded to let the light through his adversary by inquiring: "But if it can not be occupied and cultivated, why should we make a public park of it? If it can not be occupied by man, why protect it from occupation? I see no reason in that. If nature has excluded men from its occupation, why set it apart and exclude persons from it?"

After this *reductio ad absurdum* there is no knowing what might have become of the bill, had not Mr. TRUMBULL, whose head seems to have remained clear, taken up the subject as follows: "I think our experience with the wonderful natural curiosity, if I may so call it, in the Senator's own State, should admonish us of the propriety of passing such a bill as this. There is the wonderful Yosemite Valley, which one or two persons are now claiming by virtue of a pre-emption. Here is a region of country away up in the Rocky Mountains, where there are the most wonderful geysers on the face of the earth—a country that is not likely ever to be inhabited for the purposes of agriculture; but it is possible that some person may go there and plant himself right across the only path that leads to these wonders, and charge every man that passes along between the gorges of these mountains a fee of a dollar or five dollars. He may place an obstruction there, and toll may be gathered from every person who goes to see these wonders of creation. Now this tract of land is uninhabited; nobody lives there; it was never trod by civilized man until within a short period. Perhaps a year or two ago was the first time that this country was ever explored by any body. It is now proposed, while it is in this condition, to reserve it from sale and occupation in this way. I think it is a very proper bill to pass, and now is the time to enact it. We did set apart the region of country on which the mammoth trees grow in California, and the Yosemite Valley also we have undertaken to reserve, but there is a dispute about it. Now, before there is any dispute as to this wonderful country, I hope we shall except it from the general disposition of the public lands, and reserve it to the government. At some future time, if we desire to do so, we can repeal this law, if it is in any body's way; but now I think it a very appropriate bill to pass."

Mr. TRUMBULL's simple and straightforward argument settled the question. The bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, was read the third time, and passed. It may be many years before the country is thickly enough settled or the facilities of travel are such as to bring many visitors to the National Park; but it is pleasant to think that this beautiful district, with all its natural treasures, will be kept from spoliation, and preserved for the enjoyment perhaps of generations of visitors.

HOW SHERRY IS MADE.

To point out a verbal connection between the wine called sherry and a Roman emperor might appear at the first blush a mere attempt to rival that ardent philologist who insisted on tracing the derivation of pickled cucumber from a Jewish prophet through the following filiation: King Jeremiah—Jeremiah King—Jerry King—gherkin—pickled cucumber. Yet if we are strictly to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, amongst them must be counted the name of the wine in question. Every school-boy of the Macaulayan standard knows that sherry takes its name from the chief seat of its production, the town of Jerez de la Frontera, in Andalusia. But the Roman name of the said town happened to be Cæsaris Asidona. This the Arabs converted into Cæris Sidonia, and the Spaniards in turn into Jerez, whence the English have derived the word sherris or sherry.

The Jerez vineyards proper are upward of 15,000 acres in extent, and are distributed over a tract of undulating country some twelve and a half miles long by ten broad, with the town standing in the midst. Those scattered over the plain in the immediate vicinity of the sherry capital, and particularly to the north and northeast, and the soil of which is known as *barro-arenoso*, a sandy clay combined with oxide of iron, produce wines of very ordinary qualities, while the more distant vineyards covering the chalky slopes and ridges of the outlying amphitheatre of hills, the compact soil of which is termed *albariza*, yield wines of the highest character, developing in course of time a remarkable variety of flavor. Wines of an intermediate yet coarse quality are yielded by the vineyards of the lower slopes and valleys, the dark alluvial soil of which is styled *bugeo*. Altogether there are upward of 140 *pagos de viñas*, or *crus*, and conspicuous amongst the vinelands lying northward are the famous districts of Macharnudo and Carrascal, the latter deriving its name from the evergreen oaks, which are to-day notable by their absence.

Westward of Jerez, and in the direction of San Lucar, is the celebrated Balbaina district, already famous in the fifteenth century, thanks to the skill of the monks of Santo Domingo, to whom its vineyards chiefly belonged, and who encountered friendly rivals in the Carthusians, builders of the still stately though shattered pile known as La Cartuja, situate, with its vast bodega, in the neighborhood of Jerez, on the banks of the Guadalete, and in full view of the plain where one of the decisive battles of the world was fought, which resulted in the defeat of Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings. The vineyards formerly belonging to the monastery lie some distance off in a northerly direction, and retain to-day, in connection with their old name of Las Viñas de la Cartuja, some of their ancient reputation. To the east of the sherry capital lie the pagos of Canaleja, Badalejo, and Caulina, reputed the oldest of the Jerez vineyards. It was amongst these that Jussuf of Granada pitched his camp when, in the reign of Sancho el Bravo (1285), he assailed Jerez at the head of 20,000 men.

At vintage-time the lonely sandy roads, bordered by hedges of prickly-pear, and flanked by olive groves and by shady avenues leading to snow-white villas embowered in flowering shrubs and trees, are more or less alive with huge-wheeled bullock-carts laden with butts of newly pressed *mosto*, and mules bearing panniers of dust-covered grapes. In the open fields are herds of goats and oxen feeding off the scanty stubble, while herds of swine batten on the refuse of the wine-press. The summits of the hills are mostly crowned with snow-white *casas de viñas*, while the vineyards themselves are thronged with vintagers, sturdy, ragged, picturesque-looking fellows in broad sombreros and trousers of eccentric pattern, and invariably with bright crimson or scarlet sashes round their waists. Only in the outlying districts which help to swell the great sherry supply are the vintagers of the softer sex. The bunches of grapes which they deftly lop off with their ever-ready navajas recall by their size those brought by Joshua's spies from the Promised Land. The grapes are flung into small square wooden boxes known as *tinetas*, which when filled are carried by the men on their heads to the *almijar*, an open court adjacent to the *casa de la viña*. Here they are spread out to dry in the sun on circular mats of esparto for from one to three days, after all the blighted berries have been carefully removed.

The pressing of the grapes usually takes place at night, on account of the cooler temperature giving less chance of precipitate fermentation. The press-house is ordinarily a low tiled building with a brick floor, having ranged along it a row of large wooden troughs about ten feet square and two deep, raised a yard or so from the ground, each having an upright screw of wood or iron fitted in the centre, and a broad wooden spout in front. These receptacles, known as *lagares*, having been partially filled with grapes, which in turn have been lightly sprinkled over with gypsum, a couple of bare-legged fellows in short drawers, striped shirts, and heavily hobnailed shoes jump into each of them, and after carefully spreading the bunches with wooden shovels, are soon merrily footing it ankle-deep in crushed fruit, whilst the expressed juice pours forth from the spout through a strainer into a large tub placed to receive it. The grapes, after being thoroughly trodden, are shovelled into a heap at one corner of the lagar, and replaced by fresh ones, which undergo the same process, till a sufficient quantity of *murk* has been accumulated for the screw to be brought into play. The trodden grapes, having been built up into a kind of column round the screw by the aid of hands and shovels, are carefully swathed round and round from base to summit with a band of esparto about four inches in width. Two thick wooden slabs are then bolted together over the top of the pile, with the nut of the screw immediately above them. The handles of the beam being rapidly turned, the slab descends, and the juice gushes forth in abundance from between the interstices of the esparto. Gradually the work becomes harder and harder, till the men, by straining every muscle, are only able to move the handles—to which they have attached their wrists, to save themselves from falling in case they should slip—by a series of jerks a few inches forward at a time. As the tub beneath the spout of the lagar fills, its contents are transferred by the aid of a bucket and funnel to a butt placed alongside. These butts, when filled, are hoisted upon bullock-carts, and after zigzag metal tubes have been inserted in their bung-holes to admit of the escape of the carbonic acid generated in the fermenting *mosto*, they are sent jolting along over the loose sandy road to the Jerez bodegas.

We have witnessed the birth and noted the parentage of sherry. It now becomes necessary to say something respecting its education. The converse of the poets whom it has so often inspired, it may be said to be made, not born. Its qualities have to be slowly brought out under most careful supervision, and the bodega is the seminary in which this takes place. We have seen the *mosto* transferred to casks, and removed to Jerez on bullock-carts. As with a boy freshly brought to school, symptoms of discontent, which assume the form of fermentation, manifest themselves. The new-comers are therefore carefully stored apart, in cool isolated bodegas, lest these symptoms should spread to their more matured co-disciples. Here they remain till the ensuing February or March, when they are drawn off their lees into new casks, and indoctrinated with a certain proportion of spirit in the shape of *aguardiente*, or grape brandy, usually from one to four per cent.

The wine now enters into a transition period, during which, despite the care bestowed, it is especially liable to be attacked by the diseases of childhood in the form of a tendency to turn into vinegar—sometimes to be checked by a timely course of tonics in the shape of spirit—or the development of scuddiness. The final result is, that just as we see children of the same family, educated together, turning out one a genius, a second a scapegrace, a third a man of plain common-sense, and a fourth a fool, so do butts of sherry from the same vineyard, and experiencing precisely the same treatment, develop totally different characteristics. From ten to twenty per cent. will become irremediably bad. Of the rest, some remain to the end of the chapter *vinos finos*, pale, dry, soft, delicate, and fresh-tasting. Others, passing through the fino stage, attain the dignity of amontillados, deeper in color, stouter, drier, more pungent, and possessing a marked etherous flavor. Others, again, develop into olorosos, the classic wine of Jerez, darker, fuller, richer, and mellower, with a nutty flavor and an exquisite bouquet. Wines below the rank of finos are classed in the slang of the bodega as single, double, and triple rayas, a title derived from the chalk marks on their butts—the fewer the lines the higher being the quality. Sometimes the wines are kept intact in their butts, but as a rule they matriculate in their fourth year of residence, and are admitted to the dignity of forming part of a solera—a term the meaning of which we will proceed to explain.

A solera is a system peculiar to the sherry district of building up new wines on the foundation of old ones. As the older wines are drawn off for sale, the deficiency in the butts is made good with wine of the same character, but a year or so younger, whose place is supplied in like manner by a still younger growth, and this process is continued all down the scale. The butts are never more than half emptied, nor is the deposit at their bottoms by any chance removed. The solera madre, or butt containing the oldest wine, is often of great age, and hence the system necessitates the possession of an immense stock and corresponding capital; but at the same time it enables the shipper to keep up the uniform excellence of his wines, despite a succession of bad vintages.

The wine we know as sherry is not exclusively produced in the Jerez vineyards, the extent of demand and limit of supply rendering it necessary for the shipper to go farther afield. So-called sherry we know even comes from Hamburg; still we will confine ourselves to more legitimate sources. The pale, delicate, dry, tonical tasting wine known as Manzanilla is grown around the little town of San Lucar de Barrameda, the low-pitched roofs of which, dominated by half a dozen church towers and the solid square keep of an old Moorish fortress, and girdled by orange groves, spread themselves at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, some fifteen miles from Jerez. On the east the vineyards of Jerez join those of Puerto de Santa Maria, yielding somewhat inferior wines to those of their neighbors. In the town, which owes its name to an image of the Virgin found there when abandoned by the Moors, some of the principal sherry shippers have their bodegas. The Puerta ships annually about 20,000 butts of sherry, and lays claim to a position inferior only to Jerez. Beyond Puerto de Santa Maria, and on the shores of the bay of Cadiz, is the ancient Moorish town of Rota, the vineyards of which yield, in addition to the well-known Sacramental Tent, a fair quantity of passable sherry. From Puerto Real, half way toward Cadiz; from Chipiona, famous for its muscatel grapes; from Chiclana, beyond Cadiz, renowned as the birth-place of the most illustrious bull-fighters; and from the lonely little town of Trebujena, northward of Jerez—many thousand butts of wine are annually sent by rail or bullock-cart into the sherry metropolis.

But the enterprising shipper looks yet farther afield for supplies. The tract of undulating country extending from Seville to Huelva is rich in miles of vineyards, the produce of many of which serves as an excellent basis for cheap sherries. Nor must Montilla—the ancestral appanage of the Medina-Cœli, and the birth-place of the Gran Capitan Gonzalo—perched on high amidst the Cordovan sierras, be forgotten.

There is no need to revert to the discussion of a few years ago, with reference to the assumed unwholesomeness of sherry, when the reasoning of the opponents of the wine was as fallacious as their pretended facts. The absurdity of the outcry then raised has since been fully recognized; and lovers of the wine of Jerez, banishing vain alarms, may continue to follow rare Ben Jonson's sage recommendation to "be merry and drink sherry."

GARDENING IN VERANDAS.

There is no one, perhaps, engaged in gardening pursuits that labors under more disadvantages than those who are engaged in keeping up a display of flowers in balconies and verandas. In the first place, when the house happens to be in close proximity to a much-used thoroughfare, the dust arising from the road is destructive to vegetation. In the second, those who have a balcony or veranda with a southern aspect have to contend with the difficulty of preventing the plants being burned up by the sun, which strikes upon the plants in a manner that is not very acceptable to them. Very often, too, the manager of the balcony garden has to contend against the discomfort occasioned by the surplus water dripping upon the occupants of the rooms below. None of these drawbacks can be said to be avoidable, therefore the best must be made of what can not be avoided; and I have often been surprised at the success that has attended the efforts of some in securing a display of flowers where the work has been commenced and carried through in an earnest manner. Many attempts are made that result in failure more or less complete, owing either to a wrong start being made, or the after-management being unsatisfactory. Seeing how many difficulties there are to contend against in balcony gardening, no one should enter upon it who is not prepared to make a good beginning, and ready to profit by experience. To begin well some amount of skill must be brought to bear upon the work, so that a suitable selection of materials may be made.

The choosing of the pots or boxes, and making a selection of suitable plants, are the most important points. Looking at the position they are to occupy, wood boxes offer the most advantages from a cultural point of view, because wood is a good non-conductor of heat, and consequently plants occupying them do not suffer so much from heat and drought as those made of terra cotta, metal, or slate. Wood does conduct heat, but it does not allow the warmth to pass through it so readily as slate or terra cotta. For this reason wooden boxes should be used in preference to those made of other materials, but they are not so durable, as the constant damp arising from the soil penetrates, and in time rots the wood. In positions where the boxes stand in the shade, or where they are shaded during the hottest part of the day, slate boxes are to be preferred, as they can be painted any color that may be desired to make them correspond with the surroundings.

Care should be taken that, whether pots or boxes are decided upon, they must be large enough to hold a reasonable amount of soil, for a mere handful is of no use. Boxes for geraniums, petunias, tropæolums, and similar subjects should, when possible, be eight inches deep and ten inches wide in the clear, the length to be in proportion to the space they are to occupy. It is not advisable to have the boxes more than three feet long, on account of the strength required to move them about. When the plants are grown singly in pots, and stand about on the floor of the balcony, it is a capital plan to place the pots in others two sizes larger, and fill up the spaces with fine soil. Geraniums and fuchsias do uncommonly well this way, because they suffer less from drought, as the soil is kept in a more uniform state of moisture.

COMPLIMENTARY EPIGRAMS.

Most of us must have reason to deplore the decadence of epigram, as written in the form of verse, and compressed within the limits of couplet or quatrain. There is plenty of prose epigram going about; there is a wonderful amount of it in the daily and the weekly newspapers; and some of the best speakers never open their mouths but to give utterance to some pithy and witty sayings. Epigram in verse, however, is but rare; we get a little of it occasionally in the comic papers, but not of the best kind. It is written to amuse, and frequently amuses; but it is not of the sort which

> "On the stretched forefinger of all time
> Sparkles forever."

One can not manufacture epigrams by the dozen. He ought to be pleased if he turns out a good one in a lifetime; nor, so far as fame goes, would his labor have been wasted. Many a man has earned literary immortality by merely producing a couple of lines which stuck to the memory of his countrymen. Look at Cleveland's couplet:

> "Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
> Not forced him wander, but compelled him home."

It is not altogether admirable, for it is almost too concentrated and elliptical. But it has done for the writer's reputation what all the rest of his works put together have failed to do. The instance is not, perhaps, perfectly in point, for the lines in question are a portion only of a satiric poem. Still, they show what a happy hit in the direction of a couplet is able to achieve for the preservation of an author's memory. The only requirement is that the hit should really be a happy one; that the saying, whether couplet, or quatrain, or even longer, should be *totus teres atque rotundus*, like those famous lines by Rogers on Lord Dudley:

> "They say Ward has no heart, but I deny it;
> He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

Here is a couplet on which it is utterly impossible to improve, which says what it has to say, once for all, in such a perfect manner that the displacement or alteration of a word would injure it. Of course epigrams survive of which expressions like these can not be used—which are clever in style and in point, but which by no means are out of the range of emendation. But if these are not yet forgotten, they may be forgotten some day, unless, indeed, they live by virtue of association with some person, thing, or event. The perfect epigram exists on no such terms: it lives, and always will live, by virtue of its aptness to its end; by reason of the consummate character of its wit, its expression, and its form; because it enshrines forever some quip or some conceit which no one has been able to put into a better shape.

But if epigram, as epigram, is rare, what is to be said of that phase of it which is called the epigram of compliment? If we deplore the scarcity of epigrams which are like so many barbs piercing and adhering to a wound, still more may we deplore the paucity of epigrams which glow and gleam like the eyes of a woman on her lover—gleaming with wit and glowing with good humor.

Sydney Smith wielded the grand style in compliment. It was he who, when a young lady, looking at some flowers in a garden, remarked, "I fear the pea will never come to perfection," took her by the hand and said, "Permit me to lead perfection to the pea." What would some of us not give nowadays to be able to say any thing so spontaneous and so admirable as that? What would we not give, too, if we could put together four such lines as those which Sydney Smith wrote on the subject of Professor Airey, the astronomer, and his beautiful wife? Keep in mind the vocation of the gentleman and the beauty of the lady, and you will be charmed with this:

> "Airey alone has gained that double prize
> Which forced musicians to divide the crown;
> His works have raised a mortal to the skies,
> His marriage vows have drawn an angel down."

The allusion to the famous passage in Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" will of course be observed by every body.

Then, if something is wanted to place beside that quatrain, take this couplet by Luttrell, which is better known by far than the lines just quoted, and comes down to us with the imprimatur of the poet Rogers—the distich upon Miss Tree, the singer, afterward Mrs. Bradshaw, of whom Luttrell said:

> "On this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
> The Tree will return her as good as she brings."

Or take, again, those equally well known lines of Lord Erskine, addressed to Lady Payne one day after he had been complaining of illness in her house:

> "'Tis true, I am ill, but I need not complain,
> For he never knew pleasure that never knew *Payne*."

The latter, perhaps, is just the least bit obvious; but the former is—what Rogers called it—"quite a little fairy tale."

A very happy compliment, in the form of a pun upon a name, was perpetrated by James Smith in reference to Maria Edgeworth, whose highly improving narratives are not, to be sure, so popular as they were once upon a time. Smith wrote of her:

> "We every-day bards may "Anonymous" sign;
> That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
> Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
> Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
> Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
> The bad own their edge, and the good own their worth."

It is not known that the writer of this epigram got any thing in return for his neat saying, but we know that he did so in the case of his lines on Mr. Strahan, the king's printer. These ran as follows:

> "Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
> When last I saw you walk;
> The cause I presently found out,
> When you began to talk.
>
> "The power that props the body's length,
> In due proportion spread,
> In you mounts upward, and the strength
> All settles in the head."

Strahan was so delighted with the lines that he immediately made a codicil to his will, bequeathing Smith the sum of three hundred pounds. It is doubtful whether any literary effort was ever so admirably remunerated.

It was to be expected that we should find in the works of Moore—the bright and the vivacious—instances, and particularly happy ones, of the epigram of compliment. Moore lived in an atmosphere of such things, and had the ability at once to conceive and to execute them. A genuine wit, if ever there was one, he had just the requisite facility and felicity of verse, and could turn a quatrain more artistically than almost any other poet of his day. The following is worth quoting, because it recalls epigrams very much the same in point by at least two earlier writers. For example, Moore wrote in these terms

"ON A LADY.

> "With women and apples both Paris and Adam
> Made mischief enough in their day:
> God be praised that the fate of mankind, my dear madam,
> Depends not on us the same way.
>
> "For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,
> The world would have doubly to rue thee:
> Like Adam, I'd gladly take *from* thee the apple,
> Like Paris, at once give it *to* thee."

Robert Fergusson, one of the melancholy group of "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," had already written before Moore, "On being Asked which of Three Sisters was most Beautiful:"

> "When Paris gave his voice, in Ida's grove,
> For the resistless Venus, Queen of Love,
> 'Twas no great task to pass a judgment there,
> When she alone was exquisitely fair.
>
> "But here, what could his ablest judgment teach,
> When wisdom, power, and beauty reign in each?
> The youth, nonplussed, behooved to join with me,
> And wish the apple had been cut in three."

Of course the idea here is not quite identical with that of Moore, but both writers use the legend of Paris and the apple to give distinction to their clever rhymes. And so does Allan Ramsay in a quatrain written probably before Fergusson was born—this was "On Receiving an Orange from a Lady:"

> "Now, Priam's son, thou may'st be mute,
> For I can blithely boast with thee:
> Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
> The fairest gave the fruit to me."

Here the idea and the expression are both particularly neat.

To return to Moore for a moment. Let us take his lines "To a Lady," composed in obvious expansion of a remark made by Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, to a nun at Venice: "Moria pur quando vuol," said his lordship, "non è bisogno mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un angelo"—"Die whenever you will, you will not need to change either face or voice in order to be an angel." And so Moore:

> "Die when you will, you need not wear
> At heaven's court a form more fair
> Than beauty here on earth has given;
> Keep but the lovely looks we see,
> The voice we hear, and you will be
> An angel ready made for heaven."

As an anonymous writer had written many years before, "On a Beautiful and Virtuous Young Lady:"

> "Sleep soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,
> Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still."

This, however, is rather elegant hyperbole than wit. Let us take something which is more truly epigrammatic in its nature. Let us take, for example, the four lines which Dr. Wolcot wrote when his night-cap, which had been lent to him by Nelson, caught fire in a candle, and was nearly burned:

> "Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I desire,
> For I wish not to keep it a minute;
> What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,
> Is sure to be instantly in it."

One of the most flattering things one man ever said about another was what Richard Kendal said about David Garrick, when comparing him with his rival, Spranger Barry. Kendal wrote, in lines which are better known than the name of their ingenious author:

> "The town has found out different ways
> To praise its different Lears;
> To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
> To Garrick only tears.
>
> "A king? Ay, every inch a king—
> Such Barry doth appear;
> But Garrick's quite another thing—
> He's every inch King Lear."

As it happens, Garrick himself was as neat a hand at a compliment as any one that ever lived. His fluent verse is deserving of more recognition than it receives. How elegant it sometimes was may be gathered from these lines, written in Edward Moore's *Fables for the Female Sex*:

> "While here the poet paints the charms
> Which bless the perfect dame,
> How unaffected beauty warms,
> And wit preserves the flame.
>
> "How prudence, virtue, sense, agree
> To form the happy wife;
> In Lucy and her book I see
> The Picture and the Life!"

Even more happily expressed is Garrick's epitaph on Claudius Phillips, the musician, the concluding couplet of which runs:

> "Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine
> Till angels wake thee with a note like thine."

Who does not remember Pope's famous tribute to Sir Isaac Newton?

> "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
> God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

Allan Ramsay has a couplet almost identical with this, but a general consensus of opinion gives the priority of authorship to Pope. Not, indeed, that the "great little poet" was superior to plagiarism. Take his lines on Sir Godfrey Kneller, for example. The last couplet runs as follows:

> "Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
> Her works, and dying, fears herself may die."

This is admirably expressed; but the idea is taken bodily from Cardinal Bembo's epitaph on Raphael.

Pope's most successful epigram in compliment was the immortal couplet which he wrote on glass with Chesterfield's diamond pencil:

> "Accept a miracle instead of wit;
> See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

To this, at least, he has an irrefragable claim.

Of Herrick's perfect little cameos of compliment, addressed to the beauties (real or fictitious) who inspired his Muse, take the following lines as an example:

> "Roses at first were white,
> Till they could not agree
> Whether my Sappho's breast
> Or they more white should be.
>
> "But being vanquisht quite,
> A blush their cheeks bespread;
> Since which, believe the rest,
> The roses first came red."

In a very similar tone writes an anonymous author in *Wit Restored* (1658):

> "Shall I tell you how the rose at first grew red,
> And whence the lily whiteness borrowed?
> You blushed, and straight the rose with red was dight;
> The lily kissed your hand, and so was white."

With this, and a mere reference to Ben Jonson's celebrated tribute to the worth of the Countess of Pembroke, these few desultory notes are closed, in the hope that, after all, we have not seen the last of the epigram of compliment, but that it may by-and-by be able to rival successfully the admirable performances of the past.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel; but he refused, saying, "I've lived long enough to know that one woman is as good as another, if not better." "And I," retorted the wife, "have lived long enough to know that one man is as bad as another, if not worse."

"This can't be beat," as the man said when he bought the porcelain egg.

NEVER LOST.

Careful Housewife (*lifting a shoe from the soup tureen*). "La, who'd 'a thought baby's shoe would turn up in the soup? But I knew it wasn't lost. I never lose any thing."

A smart boy took it into his head to change the name of his dog to Infallibility. The first time his mother heard him call the animal she exclaimed: "Why, Jack, what do you mean by giving the poor beast such a name as that?" "Eh," returned Master Jack; "isn't infallibility a dog-ma?"

How is it that the summer always goes so quickly?—Because there is often an evening mist.

There is reason to believe that there is quite as large an amount of craft on land as on water.

The dictionary defines dulcet as sweet; but then you can hardly call a dull-set saw sweet music.

"He seems to have been shot in the diaphragm," said the doctor. "Oh no!" exclaimed his weeping listener, "he was shot right in the lower end of the saloon."

A man has been detected in the act of translating *Pinafore* into Welsh.

It is doubtless extremely polite of Uncle Sam to telegraph in advance the "storm centres" he sends to Britain. But Britannia doesn't want any storm sent her.

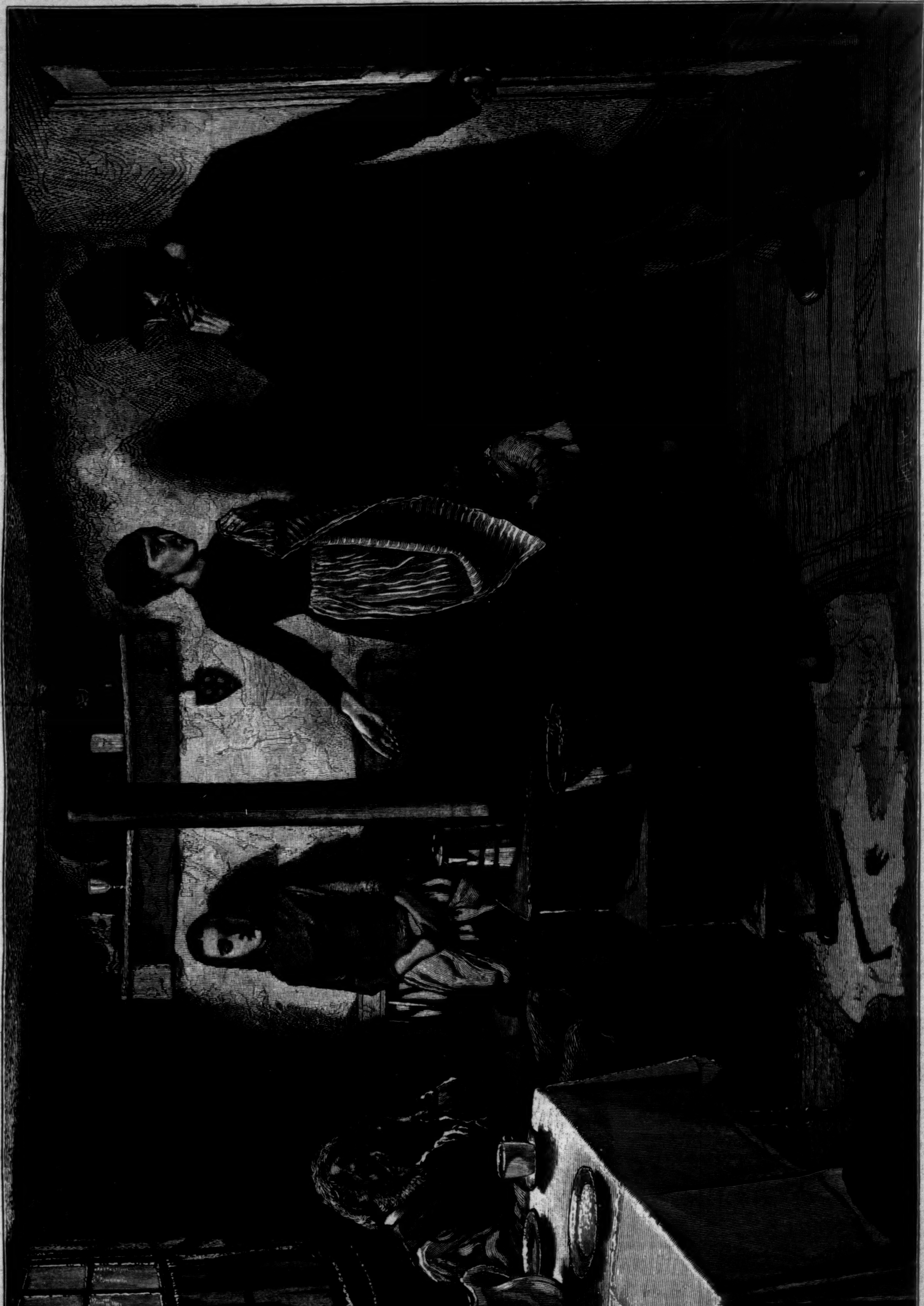
The man who was hit in the eye with a lump of anthracite, explained to his friends that he had merely got coaled in it.

Many a horse goes out in a driving rein, and comes back without wetting a hair.

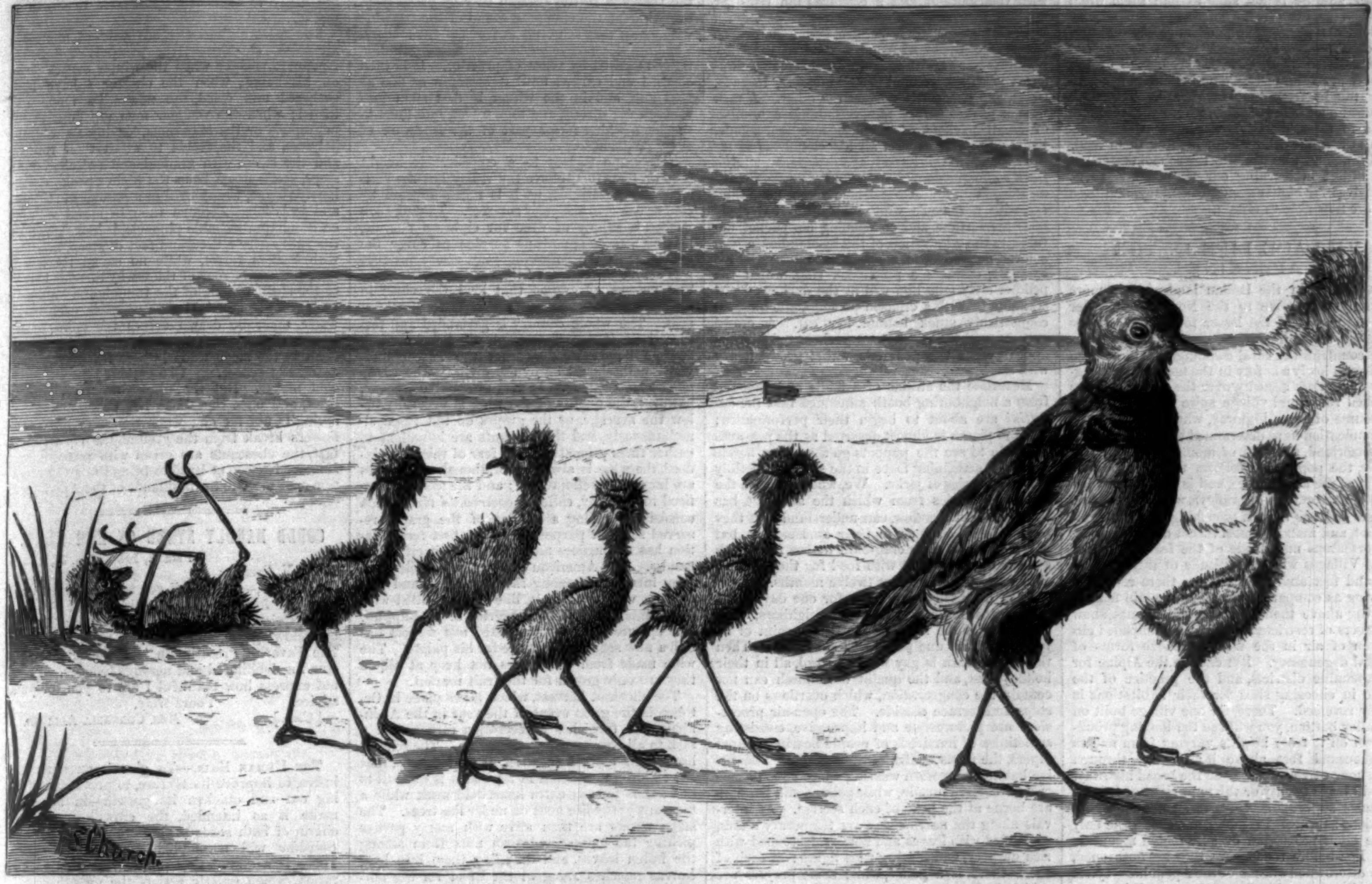
It requires about as long to get a girl well out of her twentieth year as for a horse to get beyond "eight years old this spring."

The Handsome Thing.—A man who was a great stickler for etiquette, having married a widow before her period of mourning had expired, soon after made his appearance with a weed on his hat. On being asked as to his reasons for it, he remarked that he considered it no more than the handsome thing toward his lamented predecessor.

While the postal-route agent on the Boston and Providence Railroad was assorting the mail the other day, he was horror-struck at the following address on a postal card: "Mr. James Burns, *alias* John M. Finn, in care of Mike Duffy, or his sister Lizzie Duffy, or her cousin Moll McCarthy, corner of Cross Street and Jerry Ragan's Hill, North Main Street, Taunton, Massachusetts, wholesale fish peddler and tin-horn artist. If not there, elsewhere."



LANDLORD AND TENANT.—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.

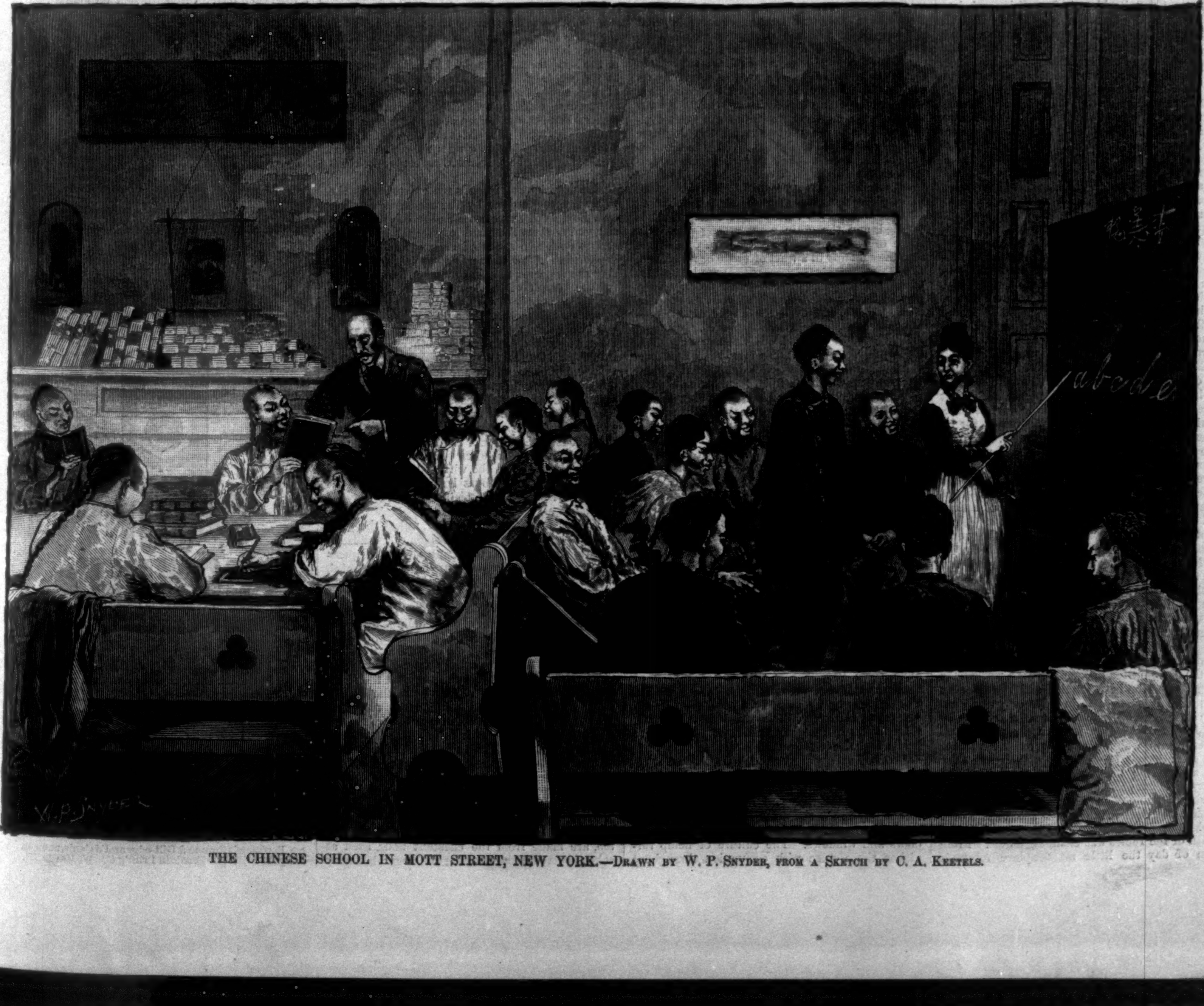


THE RETURN FROM THE BATH.—Drawn by F. S. Church.

THE CHINESE SCHOOL.

This school, of which we give an illustration, was started about a month since by persons prominent in the Methodist churches of New York; it is called the Chinese Methodist Mission, and is situated in Mott Street. Although under the auspices of the Methodist Church, no fund has as yet been set aside for its use, the school having been supported by contributions from people of different denominations.

The Bible House has furnished Testaments, and the Methodist Book Concern hymn-books. The purpose of the school is the instruction of Chinamen in the English language and the Christian religion. The school for instruction in English is open every evening during the week, excepting Saturday, from half past seven till ten. The sessions of the Sunday-school are in the afternoon and evening. The average nightly attendance at the English school is about fifteen. The ages of the pupils range from about eighteen years upward, some of them being quite far advanced in years. The more advanced scholars are able to read from Third Readers, write from dictation, and perform examples in multiplication and division, whilst the new-comers are at the alphabet. The quickness which the majority of them show in learning is quite surprising. A noticeable thing is their good humor and lack of sensitiveness when a blunder has been made. The companions of the blunderer laugh at his



THE CHINESE SCHOOL IN MOTT STREET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder, from a Sketch by C. A. Keetels.

mistake, and he is not slow to join them when he discovers his error. There are two regular teachers, and generally one or more chance ones. The chief person in charge is Miss NETTA MILWOOD, assisted by D. G. B. HAXTON. All of the teachers are volunteers. The beginners are generally taught from the blackboard. The more advanced sit around a table, where the teachers attend to them, dictating words for writing, assisting them in arithmetic, or hearing them read. The Chinamen who come to the school state that their object in learning our language is to fit themselves for higher grades of employment than they are now able to obtain.

VILLAGE LIFE IN THE APENNINES.

No feature in the Italian landscape is more strikingly suggestive to the Northern traveller than the aspect of the lesser towns and villages scattered through the mountain districts. In other countries the rural dwellings are to be seen nestling in lowly comfort in the hollows, or straggling in careless security over the plain; and the thatched roofs and village spire generally mark the course of some highway, whose facilities for communication have determined their site. Even in Switzerland, the land of mountaineers *par excellence*, the population follows the same law of density as the atmosphere, and is mainly crowded into the narrow, reeking valleys, where towns and hamlets seem as though crouching at the mountain foot, and man is almost thrust out of sight by the portentous magnitude of the features of nature. Villages with an altitude of three or five thousand feet above the sea are there relatively low-lying as compared with the mountain masses towering above them, and the inhabitants show the effects of restricted sunlight and impeded circulation of air in the most repulsive forms of physical degeneracy. But change the Alpine for the Apennine districts, and the practice of the people in choosing sites for their habitations is exactly reversed. There, for one village built on the valley bottom, you will see ten looking proudly down on it from heights varying from one to two thousand feet above it; for one through which your carriage passes on the broad highway, you will leave twenty or thirty to right or left, on pinnacles superbly scornful of such modern innovations as wheeled vehicles, and accessible only to the stout pedestrian or sure-footed mountain ass. For before roads were, they sat enthroned, these discrowned queens of the Apennine—eyries of the Roman eagles, robbers' nests of the rapacious Lombard chiefs—each from her sun-bleached crag ruling her miniature kingdom with as stern a sway, and casting her infinitesimal weight into the balance of warring powers with as high a courage, as the great cities of the plains; from them, too, catching the contagious fury together with the world-famed watch-words of Italian civil strife, till the challenges of Guelph and Ghibelline—the names of Cæsar and Pope—made these gorges ring to wars without a history, and battles without a name.

The most definite historical tradition subsisting among these mountains is generally that of an animated civil war between each village and its nearest neighbor; and the inhabitants still narrate with glee how Lugliano and La Rocca, or Benabbio and San Mamerzio, bombarded each other habitually across the narrow valley dividing their respective mountains. A circumstance which occurred within the last few years shows how much of the old spirit of local jealousy survives, even among the altered conditions of modern life. A woman, a native of Granaiolo, which is perched among the hills some twelve hundred feet above the level of the Lima, had "married beneath her," literally if not metaphorically, as she had taken for her husband an inhabitant of the plain. On her death she desired to be buried with his family, and those about her prepared to give effect to her last wishes; but her townspeople, mustering by night, and descending in force from the mountain, carried off the body, which they bore back with them in triumph, and had interred in their own burial-ground. In the Middle Ages the incident would probably have led to a protracted civil war, which would have drawn in all the neighboring communities, and desolated the whole mountain-side. The population of the Tuscan Apennine is, notwithstanding this instance of local pugnacity, among the most peaceable and orderly in the world; crime scarcely exists amongst them, while the means for its repression are scanty in the extreme. Two or three municipal guards in some of the principal towns, with a force of carbineers or mounted police in the capital of the district, comprise the whole machinery of justice from Lucca to Pistoia, and even their office seems pretty much of a sinecure.

The mountaineers want little from the world without, for their soil produces all the necessaries of life, and almost every farmer's wife has her loom for weaving homespun cloth and stout hempen linen. They are, however, glad to bring down their farm produce, such as butter and eggs, fowls, orchard fruit, and Alpine strawberries, to the markets in the valley, when the strangers in *villeggiatura* during the bathing season furnish a demand for them. Among other mountain products the chestnut-fed bacon deserves a world-wide reputation, as the best Spanish and Westphalian hams do not surpass it in delicacy and flavor. The yearly fairs of St. John and St. Mary Magdalen (June 24 and July 22) are the great rural gatherings, to which the most remote villages send a contingent, bringing down their wares for sale, and taking back such foreign articles of luxury as home production does not supply. The merchandise interchanged on both sides is of the simplest description, though the noise made over it might lead the stranger to imagine that the wealth of the Indies was changing hands. From dawn of day the little market-place resounds with vociferations, and a confused din rises far up into the silent hills, while ropes of onions, hanks of homespun yarn, figs, and tomatoes, on one side, compete with straw hats, earthenware pipkins, bellows with long tin nozzles for sulphuring the vines, colored handkerchiefs, threads, tapes, and cheap trinkets, on the other. A man with a basket before him, containing a number of small packets of uniform size and shape, tempts the rustics with all his eloquence to try their chance in this lottery, at a *soldo* each. "*Alla pesca e alla fortuna*," he shouts, "*un soldo l'una! un soldo l'una!*" A handsome young mountaineer, with a falcon's wing in his felt hat, shyly tries his fortune, and on opening his packet unfolds, to the admiration of the by-standers, a gay-colored neckerchief; another, encouraged by his example, extracts a pinchbeck ring, which the peddler slyly tells him will fit the dark-eyed girl standing by with a crimson pomegranate blossom coquettishly stuck behind her ear. A crowd gathers, and the mysterious packets quickly disappear, while the peddler's wallet grows heavy with *soldi*.

Meantime the strains of a fiddle and flageolet from a neighboring booth announce that the *burattini* are about to begin their performance; and the piazza is almost deserted as the peasants crowd in to see the puppets go through a heroic drama or screaming farce in the same irresistibly ludicrous series of jerks. We, who have seen the isolated solitudes from which the audience has been gathered together, can understand that they are not very *blasé* as to their amusements, but will go back to their crag-built homes from such a scene of excitement with food for thought and conversation for the next twelve months.

Each little village becomes for one day in the year a centre of attraction to its neighbors, when it celebrates the feast of the titular saint of its parish with all due pomp and solemnity. Then the little piazza is gay with a crowd, all in their holiday best, and the quaint old church can not contain the congregation, which overflows on the steps and terrace outside. The open-air processions are picturesque and impressive, consisting sometimes of hundreds of people bearing lighted tapers, the pious confraternities in their respective habits, the women wearing white veils of lace or embroidered muslin, while painted silk banners are borne at the head of each section. At intervals along the narrow way are temporary altars, garlanded with leaves and flowers, festooned with rich drapery, and blazing with lights; at each of these there is a pause, while some prayers are said, before the procession resumes its slow march, and takes up again its monotonous but solemn chant.

The women have so little of the spirit of travel that it is no uncommon thing to meet one who has never visited the nearest village to her own, though she has been looking at it at long rifle range across the valley all her life; but the men are great wanderers, and are to be found in the most distant corners of the earth. There is a large emigration from these districts to the United States, whence many return, at the end of twenty or five-and-twenty years, with enough money saved to buy a house and farm in their native parish; and the stranger will often be surprised to hear himself addressed in English in some remote hamlet where he least expects to find a travelled native. Here are also mainly recruited the ranks of those vagrant image-sellers who wander over the Continent, seeking a market for their plaster wares in all the great capitals, while a large proportion of the domestic servants employed by foreign families in the Italian cities have found their way from these mountains to the banks of Tiber or Arno. But the great annual migration is to the Maremma, and takes place in the end of September or beginning of October, as soon as the labor of the fields is finished, and the grain sown among the hills. Some of the emigrants work as masons, others rent the shooting of a tract of waste or wood land, furnishing the city markets with those hecatombs of small birds annually consumed there. Many go still farther afield for winter-quarters—to Corsica, Calabria, and even the coasts of Africa—wherever railways or other works are in progress, and laborers in demand. In June or July these birds of passage return to reap their own harvests in bands that fill half a dozen of the country carts, in which, as full of spirits as a party of school-boys going home for the holidays, they rattle through the villages on the plain, singing in chorus to the accompaniment of the bells on the horses' collars.

Though the great forest belt seems to the eye to cover every palm's-breadth of the lower slopes, it is in reality interrupted in parts by spaces of corn land, by vineyards, and even in some favored spots by olive woods. The soil is then artificially banked up in terraced ledges, so as to afford level strips for these forms of produce. The plough is unknown in this region, as the inequalities of the ground forbid its use, and the fields are dug entirely with the spade. The ridges newly dressed in the autumn look like the beds of a garden: not a stone is visible, and the rich dark loam seems to have received the most careful manipulation. It must be amazingly productive, for the writer has seen a field in the Val di Lima, off which the wheat was reaped in the end of June, sown immediately with a fresh crop of beans and Indian corn to ripen before winter. The soil was barely turned with the spade, without being manured, yet in ten days the strong, silky blades of the young maize had shot up to half a foot above-ground.

The Indian corn (grown only in the valley) is gathered in October, and many of the farm-houses then wear a golden mask, as the maize ears, looped together and hung to ripen more thoroughly in the sun, form a complete screen to the house front, pierced only by openings for the doors and windows. The culture of hemp furnishes the women with occupation throughout the year, and in the autumn may be heard from every village the chopping sound of the machine with which they scutch it in front of their doors, whisking the long bundles to and fro with a dexterity acquired by years of practice. It is then combed and carded until it becomes as fine as floss silk, and in the winter is first spun into yarn on the distaff, and then woven into linen in the loom which forms part of the furniture of every farm-house.

The grape thrives to a considerable height (800 or 1000 feet) above the valley, but the vintage is very variable, as it is much affected by cold or damp in the early summer. That of 1875 yielded a supply of wine for eighteen months, leaving a most opportune surplus to cover the deficiency of the following year, whose produce was scarce an eighth of that of its predecessor. The masses of grapes that load the vines in an abundant season are a marvel to Northern eyes. The whole country is garlanded and festooned as if for a triumph of Bacchus, and one no longer wonders that the Tuscan's favorite oath should be by the divinity who treats him so handsomely. In very productive seasons, however, the quality of the wine is generally below the average, as the grapes do not ripen simultaneously, and the peasants are impatient to gather them prematurely for fear of thieves. Indeed, the wine is always poor, though the grapes are large and well flavored; and the system practiced in Tuscany, called *il governo del vino*, which consists in adding a portion of the grapes reserved for that purpose after the first fermentation has set in, does not recommend itself by its results. The American vine, as it is called, has been introduced among the mountains, and produces a wonderful fruit, like a grape filled with the quintessence of strawberries or pine-apples. The epicure who has not tasted *uva fragola* has still a new sensation in store for his palate. The wine made from them does not keep at all, so they are only grown for the fruit market.

The chestnut harvest, which takes place in October, is the great event of the year in the Apennines, and furnishes a recreation rather than a task to all classes of the population. The schools have their annual vacation in that month, that the children may assist in it; and it is difficult to find hands for any extra household work while a pleasant gypsy life goes on under the trees. The steep woods are then alive with merry parties picking the mahogany-brown nuts from among the fallen leaves, and dropping them into long canvas pouches slung at the waist for the purpose. The boughs are never shaken to detach them, and the burs fall singly as they ripen, rustling through the leaves, and breaking the forest silence with a heavy thud as they strike the ground. They lie till picked up, from day to day, during the appointed time for gathering them, which lasts a month, and is fixed by municipal proclamation—commonly from Michaelmas-day (September 29) to the feast of Saints Simon and Jude (October 28), but sometimes extended by special request, if the season be unusually late, for ten days longer. Any one wandering off the recognized paths through the woods during that period is liable to be shot by the proprietor, as in the Swiss vineyards in vintage-time, but this sanguinary law seems to remain a dead letter. After the legal term has expired, the woods are free to the whole world, and are invaded by troops of beggars, gleaning any chance belated chestnuts, which, falling now, are the prize of the first-comer. Those which drop at any time on a road passable for wheeled vehicles are also public property, and as the highway runs through chestnut woods, the poor have a little harvest by the road-side.

The proprietors of woods too extensive for the gathering to be done by the members of their own household engage a number of girls to assist, giving them food and lodging for forty days, and to each two sacks of chestnut flour on her departure. After their day's work in the woods, they are expected to spin or weave in the evening for the benefit of the housewife, who thus gets her winter supply of yarn or linen pretty well advanced in this month. The poorer girls look forward to being employed in this way as a great treat, and will often throw up other occupations rather than lose it. In a fine season it is, indeed, sufficiently pleasant, for the lovely weather of a dry October among these Tuscan highlands makes open-air life unalloyed pleasure; but, on the other hand, one can hardly conjure up a more dismal picture than that presented by the dripping chestnut woods if the autumn rains have chosen that month for their own, when the sheeting floods of heaven thresh down the withered leaves as they fall, and the soaked burs have to be fished out of the swirling yellow torrents that furrow the ground in all directions.

Wet or dry, however, October, unless the yield be exceptionally scanty, is a season of abundance and rejoicing through the country, while the peasants consume the fresh chestnuts by the sackful, not roasted, as they are eaten in the cities, but plainly boiled, and eaten hot from the husk. The great mass are spread on the floors of the drying-houses—blind, deserted-looking buildings scattered through the woods for this purpose, and which in the autumn seem to smoulder internally, as the smoke of the fire lit to extract the moisture from the fresh chestnuts escapes through all the interstices of the roof and walls. From the drying-house they are taken to the mill, and ground into *farina dolce*, a fine meal of pinkish color and sickly sweet flavor, which forms the staple food of the population. From this they make *polenta*, or porridge—in other districts made from Indian meal—and *necci*, round cakes baked between chestnut leaves, which are kept and dried for the purpose, with the result of imparting a slightly pungent flavor of smoke that the stranger will hardly find an improvement. Other delicacies, too, are made from the chestnut flour, such as cakes covered with chocolate and sugar, but none are likely to commend themselves to Northern palates.

The most enthusiastic advocate of mountain air might shudder at the prospect before the Apennine villager when the winter settles down on his home; when the chestnuts have been gathered and dried, the new wine made and tasted; when the younger men are gone to the metropolis or the Maremma, leaving the old, the helpless, and the feeble to await their return; and the snow, with gradual and noiseless foot-steps, steals down from the higher peaks on the lonely village, wrapping it in a shroud of stillness and isolation. Perched then in aerial solitude on its unapproachable pinnacle, it looks down on the valley over a thousand feet of steep, bristling with leafless forest, while no sound reaches it save the hoarse roar of the tawny torrents below, or the shrill whistle of the tramontana sweeping on it from some frigid zone of space. Then the water must be drawn across the snow, or up streets slippery with icy mud, and footing is difficult in the steep woods, where fire-wood, fortunately not scarce, must be gathered for the long, cold nights. But the winter, though sharp, is brief, and once Christmas has come and gone, spring is not far off; when the snow melts, the flowers break from the ground, the corn shoots fast, the chestnuts are green with promise, and summer is close at hand to bring life and animation once more to the highlands of the Apennines.

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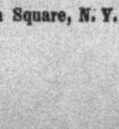

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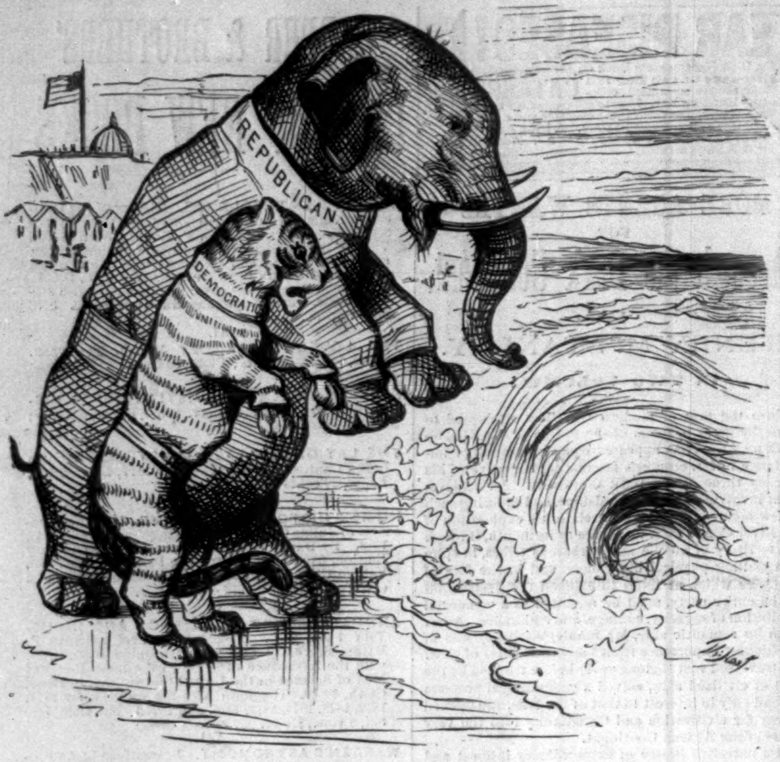

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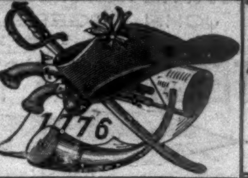

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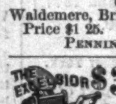

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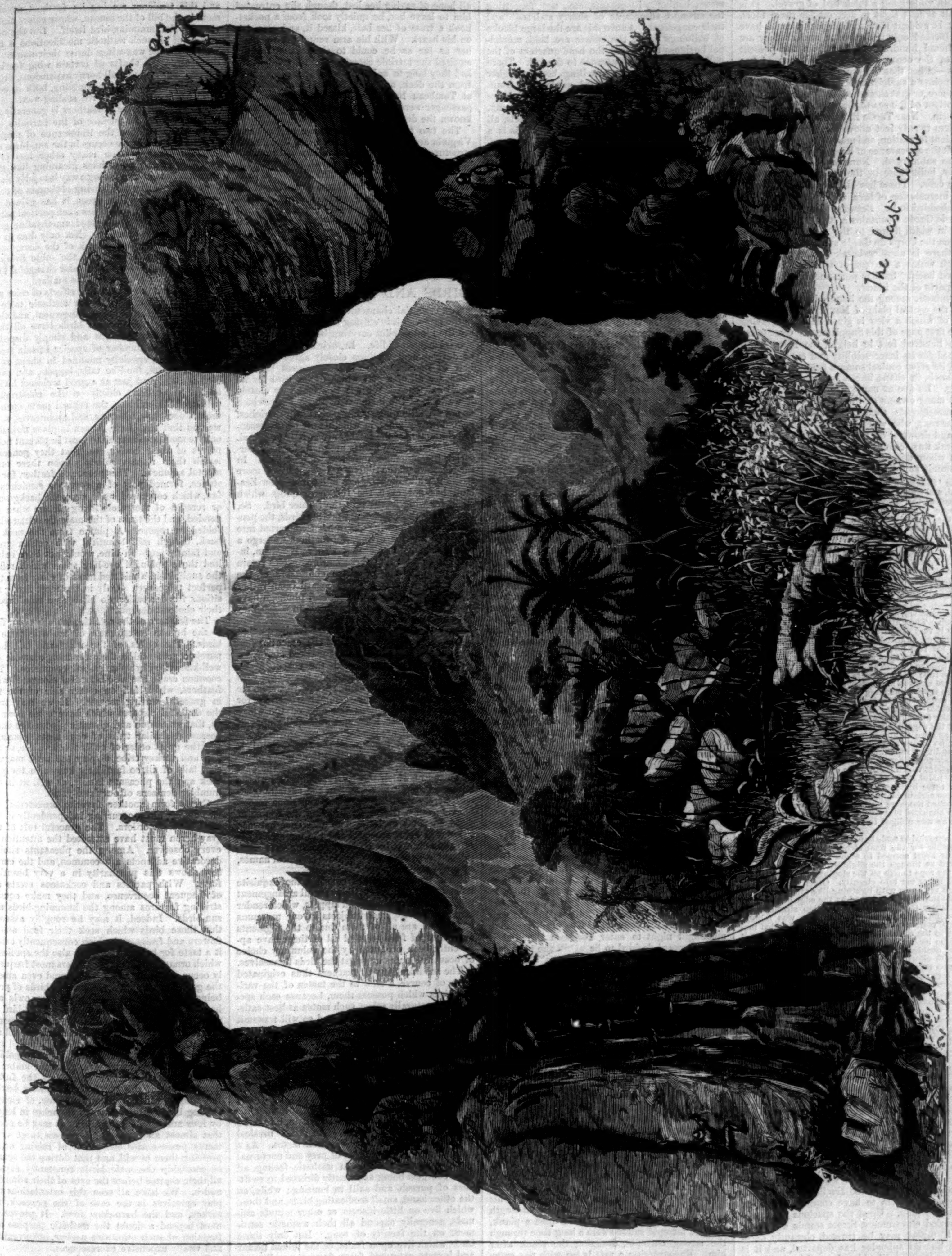

AN ASCENT OF THE PIETER BOTH MOUNTAIN, MAURITIUS.

The last climb.

THE HOME OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

In the minds of many, Mauritius probably exists rather as a picturesque background for one of the most charming of early romances than as a substantial point of land in the Indian Ocean, supporting an ordinary and commonplace population of about three hundred thousand souls. Yet the island is by no means an unattractive place for visitors, having many beautiful landmarks, and possessing an interesting history. Mauritius was discovered by the Portuguese in 1528, and was by them named Cerne, or Swan Island, because a number of these birds were seen upon landing. It was first occupied as a settlement by the Dutch in 1708, and was by them named Mauritius; but they abandoned it entirely in 1712, on account, it is said, of its being overrun with locusts and rats. A more probable solution of their departure is that the Cape of Good Hope doubtless appeared to them a more favorable situation for a colony than an island of such limited extent.

No sooner had the Dutch abandoned the island than the French, who had in 1664 made a settlement on the Isle of Bourbon, chiefly as an appendage to the establishments on Madagascar, took possession of it; but it was not until the year 1723 that the island was formally provided with a Governor and a Council. About ten years later the French East India Company, having resolved to form more extensive establishments in Mauritius, intrusted the direction of the colony to MAHÉ DE LA BOURDONNAIS, who laid the foundation of all its future improvements. In 1766 another eminent superintendent, M. POIVRE, rendered great services to the island. He directed the attention of the colonists to the art of agriculture and to the raising of grain, and it is to his exertions that the inhabitants owe the introduction of the bread-fruit-tree, of the nutmeg and cinnamon trees, and of a superior species of rice from Cochin China. In the month of November, 1810, Mauritius was attacked by a British force under General ABERCROMBIE. After a short resistance the island was surrendered, although the attack had long been expected, and every preparation made for its defense. Since that time it has remained in the possession of Great Britain, being chiefly valuable because French privateers are thereby deprived of a most advantageous station from which to commit depredations on the East India trade.

Mauritius has obviously been the scene of violent convulsions of nature, and is considered as probably owing its existence to volcanic eruptions. It abounds in caverns, precipices, subterranean arches, calcined stones, and other results of volcanic agency. Some have conjectured that it must formerly have been united with the Isle of Bourbon, and several circumstances favor the supposition that the two islands are still connected by subterranean communications. In many parts of the interior, particularly in the vicinity of the Chamarel Mountains, corals are found in a perfect state, buried in a débris of cretaceous formation, but none of the species of which now exist in the warm tropical seas where they once lived. Between Grand River and Port Louis beds exist more than fifteen feet in thickness; the custom-house is built on a formation of this kind; and, in fact, these corals are found in nearly every part of the island. Near the river De Poste, in the interior, at an elevation of more than 1000 feet, there is a stratum of plastic clay twelve feet in depth underlying a thick bed of gravel. It is difficult at first sight to account for these facts, but it is evident that such deposits could have been formed only under water, and as they are now found hundreds of feet from the present level of the ocean, we must admit one of two things—either that the water was elevated above those points a sufficiently long time to form thick beds there, or that these beds were raised up from the bottom of the sea to the height where we now find them. Near Turtle Bay there are many large bowlders twenty feet above the level of the sea, of ancient formation, and much water-worn, which present the appearance of having been for a length of time submerged. Numerous corals fill their cavities, built there by the animals that inhabited the cells. These bowlders are covered with a thick incrustation of lava, and in some instances are imbedded in it. Between Mount Ory and the Corps de Garde Mountains a stream of lava many miles in width flowed to the sea. Then, again, between the Corps de Garde and Rempart mountains there is another break in the great wall, through which a current of molten matter discharged itself. Similar phenomena occur in various parts of the island.

Prominent among the hundred peaks that encircle the central plain of Mauritius is the Pieter Both, of which a view is given in the engraving on the first page of this Supplement. Over twenty-five hundred feet in height, the Pieter Both is famed for its inaccessibility and extraordinary shape, its steep conical summit being surmounted by a knob, in shape like a peg-top standing on its peg. Its quaint name was given by the first of the many owners of the island—the Dutch—to commemorate their Admiral, Pieter Both d'Amersfort, who was shipwrecked by a hurricane, and drowned off the coast hard by its base. The peak was scaled by two Englishmen in 1878, one of whom describes the efforts made to reach the summit as follows:

> "The 'Saddle,' a steep knife edge, had now to be crossed, and soon after we got up another place, nearly as bad as the 'Ladder Rock,' but not so high. A few more minutes of breathless climbing, and we reach the 'Neck.' This is a curious place, carrying out my first idea of the resemblance the knob above bears to a peg-top standing on its peg, the peg being nearly encircled by a level narrow band of turf, roofed by the overhanging mass, and bounded by sheer descents. Further than this neither man nor monkey could climb without a rope; so perching myself on a convenient ledge, as near to the windward side as I could get, I shot an arrow with a fine thread attached to it over the rock, which is thirty-eight feet high. It was blowing what the sailors would call 'half a gale,' and the wind whisked the light thread far away from the knob. Time after time I repeated the operation, finding it very difficult to arrange the thread so that it would run at speed without a hitch. After vainly trying for two hours and a half, the thread at last rested just on the sloping edge of the rock. We made fast a string to the thread, and carefully hauled it over; then the rope was got across by means of the string.
>
> "There was too much danger of the rope slipping, to climb it while hanging straight down, so we made it fast round the rock on the opposite side to that from which it hung. A glance at the third sketch will make this clear. A—— now tried to get up, but finding the rope likely to slip, he came down double-quick, and we tightened up the rope still more. It was by no means an inviting climb—thirty feet hand over hand up a rope thinner than my little finger, and which stretched across the rock in a slanting direction, besides which there was a chance of its slipping, and the point it rested on overhung a precipice some two or three hundred feet deep, so that a fall would have been certain death. A—— pluckily tried it again, and reached the edge of the top of the rock this time, but so exhausted that he could not raise himself on to it, and he was obliged to come down, much disheartened.
>
> "I then tried to scale it, saving my strength as much as possible for the final struggle. On reaching the edge, my heart seemed to stand still with fear, for it appeared as though the slightest outward pull must cause the rope to slip off the sloping surface altogether, and hurry me into eternity. Other fears coursed through my brain with lightning-like rapidity: I saw that the thin rope was frayed by the edge of the rock, and I knew that its slanting position already took away from its strength. Besides, rain was falling, which of course made the rope shrink, and added materially to the strain. I rapidly considered whether it would be better to slip down, or to try and struggle up, and decided immediately on the latter. It took a desperate effort to get my knee on to the edge, and with two fingers squeezed under the rope where it crossed the top, I raised myself a little; for a few seconds I trembled in the balance, and then fell forward helplessly on my face on the top, exhausted by excitement and exertion, but jubilant."

Pieter Both is situated in the rear of Port Louis, the principal town, and the capital of the island. Port Louis has an excellent harbor, and is provided with an inner basin, called the Fanfaron, where vessels can take refuge during the hurricanes, which are occasionally very violent, and occur by no means infrequently. Just facing the principal landing is a finely executed statue in bronze of M. La Bourdonnais. It is the first object to attract the eye as the visitor steps ashore, and it does not need any great stretch of imagination to fancy that the benevolent French Governor is extending a welcome to the island for which he did so much. At the upper end, facing the sea, is the Government House, which was in process of erection when the English took the island, and they seem to have completed it upon the French plan. Upon the spacious thoroughfare styled Government Street stands a theatre, once, if report may be trusted, elegantly decorated; but its splendor has departed, and it is now in a wofully dilapidated condition. Nearly every year a troupe of French actors and opera-singers come from Europe, and divide their time between Mauritius and the Isle of Bourbon. Usually the entertainments are by no means the best of their kind. Nicholas Pike, in his delightful book entitled *Sub-Tropical Rambles*, published by the Harpers, speaks of the histrionic talent that displays itself in Mauritius as follows:

> "I can not say much in favor of those I have heard. A curious spectacle is presented when the house is full, with its mixture of white and color, all *en grande toilette*. The only English acting is when the officers and men of the different regiments give an evening's entertainment in the theatre, and they generally draw good houses."

Opposite the theatre is Morillon's ice-house, where young Mauritius most does congregate between the acts, and consumes any amount of gâteaux, bonbons, ice-creams, etc., not forgetting the stronger stimulants of sherry and soda and their congeners. Above this are the large blocks of buildings where the courts are held, municipal business transacted, the head-quarters of the police, and the main entrance to the jail. There are some very pretty dwelling-houses higher up, with tastefully decorated gardens in front. Parallel with this are Church Street, of Flore Mauricien fame (dear to all lovers of gâteaux, pâtés, etc.), Bourbon and Corderie streets, all terminating in the Champ de Mars. This is a fine grassy plain, unmistakably once a large crater, the walls of which on the northwest were broken out seaward. There is not a tree or shrub to be seen on it, strange to say, when, with a little trouble in planting trees round it, a splendid promenade might be made—so much needed in a place that suffers from heat eight months in the year, as Port Louis does. At the foot of the plain the Mauritius Cricket Club has erected a pretty pavilion, and laid out a square for that healthy and invigorating amusement; but by the same perversity that appears to govern every thing in this island, they seem to play most in summer, at a temperature when one feels disinclined even to walk, let alone running insanely after cricket balls.

There are few villages in Mauritius. A group of houses may sometimes be found together in the country, but the plantations are scattered irregularly over the island, and families within a mile of each other are considered as very near neighbors. The proportion of negroes, who are chiefly from Mozambique and Madagascar, to the whites, is as ten to one. Those from the latter place are esteemed as the most valuable on account of their bodily activity and their ingenuity in learning handicraft trades. Those from Mozambique are chiefly employed on the plantations and at the ports as beasts of burden. In Port Louis the merchandise is dragged to the warehouses in large wagons or drays by twelve or fourteen negroes fastened together in a kind of harness. Hundreds are employed in this degrading toil. In like manner the greater part of the agricultural produce is transported on men's heads and shoulders to the principal port. Even the females are also employed in the same way. The middle classes in Port Louis are generally very industrious, and excel as mechanics. All the useful trades are carried on in the place with much spirit and success. Their iron foundries and articles of hardware are said to equal those of Birmingham, England, and ship-building is carried on to a considerable extent, and with many local advantages. The higher ranks of settlers are exceedingly kind and hospitable to strangers, but in a general way very lax in morals. There are a few intelligent citizens, who maintain an excellent library, which is open to the public. A society of emulation was instituted in 1805 for literary and philosophical pursuits, but also with the practical aim of promoting the interests of agriculture, navigation, and commerce.

One calamity—if calamity it be—that must fall to the lot of the visitor to Mauritius is the effectual dissipation of nearly all his romantic illusions in regard to Bernardin St. Pierre's world-renowned romance. The following narrative will show on what the tale of *Paul and Virginia* was founded: In 1744 drought and locusts had occasioned a terrible scarcity in Mauritius, and the *St. Geran* was sent from the mother country to assist the Governor, Mahé de la Bourdonnais, richly laden with arms and provisions. This was doubly needed, on account of the failure of several large vessels, just returned from India, in procuring a supply of rice. The *St. Geran* was in sight of Round Island at 4 P.M., and the captain, M. De la Marre, wished to profit by a fine moonlight night to enter Tombeau Bay, but it was afterward decided to lie to till the next day. In consequence of ignorance of the dangerous coast, the ship touched on the reef toward three in the morning, about a league from the coast, and the same distance from Isle d'Ambre. The sea there generally runs high, and drove the ship with violence on the breakers. Every effort was made to lower the boats, but the crashing down of the masts stove in their bulwarks, and carried them away. The keel soon after breaking in the middle, ingulfed the centre, and fixed the extremities of the ship on the reefs. At M. De la Marre's request, the chaplain pronounced a general benediction and absolution, and the "Ave Maria Stella" was sung. Numbers of the crew flung themselves into the sea on planks, yards, oars, or any thing that offered a hold; but, carried away by the currents, beaten and tossed by the waves, nearly all found a watery grave. A sailor named Caret made the greatest efforts to save M. De la Marre. He implored him to take off his clothes, but he persistently refused, saying that it did "not become the dignity of his position to land without them." Caret at length succeeded in placing his captain upon a plank, and the intrepid sailor swam a long time through the strong currents, dragging the plank after him. Encountering a raft laden with the crew, M. De la Marre thought he would be safer on it, and left the brave Caret for the raft. Diving to avoid collision, the latter, as he rose to the surface again, found to his horror that the raft and all the men had disappeared, ingulfed in the terrible waters. There were on board two lovers—a Mlle. Mallet and M. De Péramon, who were to be united in marriage on arriving at Mauritius. The young man, as anxious and agitated as the girl was calm and resigned, when the others left, was making a sort of raft on which to save her who was dearer than his own life. On his knees he implored her to descend with him on to the frail but sole hope of safety; and to insure a greater certainty, he begged her to take off the heavier part of her garments. This she steadily refused to do. When he found his most earnest solicitations vain, and consequently all hope of saving her lost, though she entreated him to leave her, he quietly took from a pocket-book a tress of her hair, kissed it, and placed it on his heart. With his arm round her to shield her as far as he could to the last, he calmly awaited the terrible catastrophe at her side; nor had they long to wait, for they were soon washed from the deck, and their bodies were picked up at Tombeau Bay. Eight of the crew and one passenger were all that were saved. These made known the details of the shipwreck.

The two tombs shown as those of Paul and Virginia are two commonplace brick and mortar structures, bearing the marks of whitewash administered at some remote period. They are situated in what was once a fine garden, a little rivulet flowing between them, and shaded by beautiful palms and feathery bamboos. Now, instead of the silence and seclusion once surrounding this show-place for all visitors, a railway station is within a few yards of it, and iron horses go thundering by, causing the same decline in romance in Mauritius that they have produced elsewhere.

BIRDS AND THEIR FEATHERS.

The essential characteristic of a bird consists in the fact that it is a flying animal; and feathers are the kind of skin covering best adapted to its special manner of life. In their nature and mode of development feathers closely agree with the hair of mammals, but the differences between them are all of a sort which fit the bird for its aerial existence. We see this fact very clearly if we look at the instance of those birds which do not fly. Running species, such as the ostriches, have downy plumes, in which many of the essential characters of the feather are greatly obscured. In the emu, whose habits are more strictly cursorial, the plumage almost resembles hair. In the cassowary the likeness becomes yet more striking, while the wingless apteryx of New Zealand has not even the few bare quills which stand for wing feathers in the former bird. So, too, among those sedentary marine birds, the penguins, where the wings have been converted into a sort of fins for diving, the feathers undergo a parallel change into scales. There is reason, indeed, to suspect that these marine species retain in many ways the primitive characters of the class; and we may perhaps regard them rather as birds in which the pinions and plumage have never fully developed than as birds in which they have assumed a new form.

On the other hand, the truest feathers—that is to say, those which exhibit the essential features of a feather in the most marked manner—are specially connected with the act of flight. The general surface of the body is covered with soft down, among which sprout the delicate plumes that form the common covering for warmth and protection; but only on the wings and tail do those long and stiff quills appear, which, after all, are the feathers *par excellence*, the models and prototypes of all the rest. Now it is quite obvious to every one that the wings are the organs of flight, and that the quills are the part by means of which the powerful muscles of the bird are brought to bear upon the sustaining atmosphere. As for the tail, its functions resemble those of a rudder, in directing the course of flight to right or left. The difference between these true flying feathers and the mere clothing of the back and breast is so striking that naturalists have given them separate technical names, as *quills* and *plumes* respectively.

The infinite variety of coloring, the exquisite tones of metallic sheen, the graceful arrangement of crests, tufts, plumes, and lappets, which render birds such conspicuous objects in our museums or gardens, are all of them due to the pigments or shapes of feathers, and all of them have apparently been produced by the voluntary choice of beautiful mates amongst the birds themselves.

The modifications of feathers thus originated form, of course, a clew to the tastes of the various birds which possess them, because each species will naturally select such mates as best satisfy its ideas of the beautiful, and so will transmit the admired qualities to its descendants. It is a remarkable fact that the tastes of many birds, indirectly disclosed in such a manner, coincide very closely with the tastes of mankind at large.

Not all birds, however, exhibit equally these æsthetic preferences. Some large families, like those of the hawks, eagles, owls, and night-jars, are noticeable neither for beauty of color nor for richness of song. Other classes, again, like those of the English hedge birds, seem rather musical than chromatically inclined in their tastes. As a rule, we may say that birds of prey and nocturnal birds are very deficient in æsthetic feeling, all their energies being apparently directed to swiftness of pursuit and skill in hunting; while, on the other hand, small seed-eating birds, and those which live on little insects or other minute animals, generally expend all their æsthetic sentiment on the faculty of song. But only those birds which live upon fruits, or the mixed nectar and insects extracted from flowers, usually possess brilliant colors.

The commonest method of exhibiting color is by means of pigments either in the external coating of the feathers or in their deeper layers. Cases of this sort are too frequent to need special exemplification; but some birds have brilliant hues otherwise displayed, as in the wattles of the common barn-door fowl, the fleshy appendages of the turkey, and the painted face of the carrier-pigeon. The wattled honey-sucker of Australia has two drooping folds of flesh which fall like bonnet-strings under his throat; the king-vulture has his head and neck covered with naked skin of every hue in the rainbow; and the cassowary (by far the most frugivorous of all the ostrich tribe) has the same parts of a brilliant red, variegated with melting shades of blue. In many other birds the beak becomes an ornamental adjunct, and this tendency reaches its furthest development in the bill of the toucan, whose colors almost vie with the humming-bird itself. But the most curious of all such æsthetic modifications is that from which the wax-wings derive their name. In these birds the shafts of certain wing feathers are prolonged into small horny expansions, bright scarlet in hue, exactly resembling, both in color and texture, little tags of red sealing-wax.

The metallic lustre of feathers is generally due to fine lines on the surface of the barbules, like those which produce the iridescence of mother-of-pearl. Such lustre occurs in the sun-birds and humming-birds, and on many other less ornamental species. Sometimes gleaming like gold or bronze, sometimes fading away into jetty black, anon re-appearing as glancing outbursts of crimson, azure, or exquisite green, it has gained for the birds on which it appears such poetical names as ruby-throated, topaz-crested, amethystine, golden, emerald, and sapphire. Not only does it occur upon the burnished neck of the dove, but it gives a passing splendor to the sable livery of the crow, and throws a thousand changeful hues over the glossy plumage of the mallard.

But besides the ornamental effects of color and lustre, feathers appeal to the æsthetic taste of birds by their form, their arrangement, and their variety. Only the plainest birds have all their plumage exactly uniform and simply disposed. In an immense number of species certain feathers have been specially modified in shape so as to form crests, fan-like tails, lappets, and other ornaments. And just as a good architect lavishes his decorations chiefly on the constructive points of his building, the critical parts, such as arches, doorways, windows, and architraves, so do we find that birds have chosen to place *their* decorative modifications on the most important nodal points of their bodies, and that they generally lavish their richest coloring upon these ornamental adjuncts. This peacock's feather, for instance, formed part of a gorgeous semicircular fan, which composed, as it were, the background or reredos of the whole living picture when expanded, and the train of the majestic sultan when folded in repose. A plume from the neck or back, though still beautiful with golden green and faintly purplish blue, would not have exhibited those splendid eye-like spots which reflect the sunlight in a mingled mass of glory from this perfect tail-covert. Only in the most fitting positions for decoration do birds, as a rule, expend their choicest designs.[*]

The feathers of the ostrich naturally occur first to the human investigator of æsthetic taste in birds. The quills of the wing and tail, here purely ornamental in their function, compose the well-known silky plumes of commerce. The common crane has also beautiful elongated wing feathers, which fall on either side of the tail in graceful waving masses. If we may trust the doubtful pictures which have come down to us, that grotesque and gigantic pigeon, the dodo, possessed similar tufts of ornamental plumage. But the great order of gallinaceous birds, or the hen and turkey tribe, display the most magnificent tails of all, so familiarly known in the peacock and the pheasant family, as well as in the humbler denizens of our farm-yards.

Crests form another favorite ornamental device among birds, occurring independently in the most different orders. The graceful tuft of the gray heron must have attracted the attention of every observer. Among the pheasants similar decorative adjuncts are common, and the curassow shows this peculiarity in a very beautiful form. With parrots and cockatoos crests are of frequent occurrence, and they make equally striking features among the humming-birds and sun-birds. Indeed, it may be roughly asserted that those birds which seek their food among flowers and fruits, and which consequently exhibit a taste for bright colors, are also the species in which ornamental tufts of feathers most frequently occur. But crests are also found even among the generally sombre and inartistic birds of prey, being by no means unusual in the owls and hawks, while the serpent-eating secretary-bird derives his queer name from the fancied resemblance of his top-knot to a pen stuck behind the ear. Other well-known instances of crested species are the hoopoe, the wax-wing, the golden-crested wren, and many jays. But the umbrella-bird, a Brazilian fruit crow, exhibits the fullest development of this particular ornament, having the whole head covered by a dome of slender shining blue feathers about five inches in length by four and a half in breadth. It may be added that almost all birds which possess these ornaments possess also the power of raising or depressing them at will, and that during the season of courtship the male birds constantly expand all their charms before the eyes of their admiring mates. We have all seen this ostentatious display ourselves in the case of the peacock, the turkey, and the barn-door fowl. It proves almost beyond a doubt the æsthetic purpose and function of such otherwise useless, inconvenient, and vitally expensive excrescences.

Sometimes the crest is produced by some other means than that of a mass of plumes. Besides the well-known fleshy comb of our friend chanticleer, there is the horny helmet of our old acquaintance the cassowary, and the quaint protuberances on the beak of the jacana. Most eccentric of all is the device adopted by the hornbills, whose name sufficiently indicates their peculiarity in this respect. The beak in these birds is prolonged above into a single unicorn-like process, extravagantly disproportioned to the general size of its wearer.

On the other hand, it may be noted that most small singing-birds, or other species which live on seeds, grain, insects, and mixed small food, are destitute of tufted ornaments, as well as of brilliant coloring.

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[*] I say "as a rule," because the hornbills, toucans, vultures, certain pigeons, and a few other species offend against our ordinary human canons of taste; but the ornaments of birds seldom or never render them ridiculous in our eyes, like those of many highly decorated monkeys.

The lappets, frills, or other neck pieces of so many decorated species must not pass entirely unnoticed in this review of æsthetic devices among birds. Beginning with the mere burnished breast plumage of the pigeon or the crimson stomacher of the robin, they become at last, in the humming-birds, sun-birds, and other tropical species, the most exquisite drapery of amethyst, topaz, emerald, or golden bronze. The so-called beard of the turkey is a special example of a very aberrant type. The ruff derives his English name from a similar peculiarity.

The birds-of-paradise unite all these modes of ornamentation in the highest degree, and with the most harmonious results. They join the graceful plumes of the ostrich to the dainty coloring of the sun-bird. Crests almost as largely developed as that of the umbrella-bird overshadow their beautiful heads; frills as full as those of the humming-birds fall down in metallic splendor before their gorgeous necks. And if any proof be wanting of the connection between the nature of the food and the general beauty of the plumage, it may be found in the fact that these royally attired creatures are first cousins of our own dingy crows and jackdaws; but while the crow seeks his livelihood among the insects and carrion of a ploughed field, the bird-of-paradise regales his lordly palate on the crimson and purple fruits which gleam out amid the embowering foliage of Malayan forests.

Equally magnificent are the members of the genus *Epimachus*, inhabitants of the same brilliant archipelago. Their long silky plumes float behind them in the same graceful curves; their burnished necks are adorned with the same glancing hues of ruby and emerald. Yet they are surpassed in one respect by their distant relatives the lyre-birds, first cousins of the diminutive English wrens. Though destitute of brilliant coloring and metallic sheen, these curious birds exhibit in their long and beautiful tails the only undoubted example among the lower animals of a love for symmetrical patterns.

FAIRY WORKMEN.

WHEN the world is wrapped in slumber,
  Through the frosty winter night,
Fairy workmen, without number,
  Labor till the morning light.
Cold they feel not though 'tis biting—
  Love keeps warm each tiny heart;
All in one bright work uniting,
  Each with gladness taking part.

Catching snow-flakes earthward speeding,
  Carving them with varied grace,
Every spray with pearl-drops beading,
  Strewing gems o'er Nature's face.
Tracing forms of fairy bowers,
  In which Oberon might reign,
Roofed with ferns, and paved with flowers,
  Thickly o'er each lattice pane.

Lulling by their songs the river
  To its dreamy winter rest,
Till it sleeps, and not a quiver
  Trembles on its placid breast.
Thus the fairies, slumber scorning,
  Labor through the long-drawn night,
By their art our world adorning,
  Making all things fair and bright.

PEN SKETCHES.*

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

IN the very year of Queen Victoria's accession appeared the *Pickwick Papers*, the work of the author who the year before had published the *Sketches by Boz*. The public soon recognized the fact that a new and wonderfully original force had come into literature. The success of Charles Dickens is absolutely unequalled in the history of English fiction. At the season of his highest popularity Sir Walter Scott was not so popular an author. But that happened to Dickens which did not happen to Scott. When Dickens was at his zenith, and when it might have been thought that any manner of rivalry with him was impossible, a literary man who was no longer young, who had been working with but moderate success for many years in light literature, suddenly took to writing novels, and almost in a moment stepped up to a level with the author of *Pickwick*. During the remainder of their careers the two men stood as nearly as possible on the same level. Dickens always remained by far the more popular of the two; but, on the other hand, it may be safely said that the opinion of the literary world in general was inclined to favor Thackeray. From the time of the publication of *Vanity Fair* the two were always put side by side for comparison or contrast. They have been sometimes likened to Fielding and Smollett, but no comparison could be more misleading or less happy. Smollett stands on a level distinctly and considerably below that of Fielding; but Dickens can not be said to stand thus beneath Thackeray. If the comparison were to hold at all, Thackeray must be compared to Fielding, for Fielding is not in the least like Dickens; but then it must be allowed that Smollett wants many of the higher qualities of the author of *David Copperfield*.

It is natural that men should compare Dickens and Thackeray; but the two will be found to be curiously unlike when once a certain superficial resemblance ceases to impress the mind. Their ways of treating a subject were not only dissimilar, but were absolutely in contrast. They started, to begin with, under the influence of a totally different philosophy of life, if that is to be called a philosophy which was probably only the result of peculiarity of temperament in each case. Dickens set out on the literary theory that in life every thing is better than it looks; Thackeray, with the impression that it is worse. In the one case there was somewhat too much of a mechanical interpretation of every thing for the best in the best possible world; in the other the savor of cynicism was at times a little annoying. As each writer went on, the peculiarity became more and more of a mannerism. But the writings of Dickens were far more deeply influenced by his peculiarities of feeling or philosophy than those of Thackeray.

A large share of the admiration which is popularly given to Dickens is undoubtedly a tribute to what people consider his cheerful view of life. In that, too, he is especially English. In this country the artistic theory of France and other Continental nations, borrowed from the æsthetic principles of Greece, which accords the palm to the artistic treatment rather than to the subject, or the purpose, or the way of looking at things, has found hardly any broad and general acceptation. The popularity of Dickens was therefore in great measure due to the fact that he set forth life in cheerful lights and colors. He had of course gifts of far higher artistic value; he could describe any thing that he saw with a fidelity which Balzac could not have surpassed; and like Balzac he had a way of inspiring inanimate objects with a mystery and motive of their own which gave them often a weird and fascinating individuality. But it must be owned that if Dickens's peculiar "philosophy" were effaced from his works, the fame of the author would remain a very different thing from what it is at the present moment. On the other hand, it would be possible to cut out of Thackeray all his little cynical, melancholy sentences, and reduce his novels to bare descriptions of life and character, without affecting in any sensible degree his influence on the reader or his position in literature.

Thackeray had a marvellously keen appreciation of human motive and character within certain limits. If Dickens could draw an old quaint house or an odd family interior as faithfully and yet as picturesquely as Balzac, so, on the other hand, not Balzac himself could analyze and illustrate the weaknesses and foibles of certain types of character with greater subtlety of judgment and force of exposition than Thackeray. Dickens had little or no knowledge of human character, and evidently cared very little about the study. His stories are fairy tales made credible by the masterly realism with which he described all the surroundings and accessories, the costumes and the ways of his men and women. While we are reading of a man whose odd peculiarities strike us with a sense of reality as if we had observed them for ourselves many a time, while we see him surrounded by streets and houses which seem to us rather more real and a hundred times more interesting than those through which we pass every day, we are not likely to observe very quickly, or to take much heed of the fact when we do observe it, that the man acts on various important occasions of his life as only people in fairy stories ever do act.

Thackeray, on the other hand, cared little for descriptions of externals. He left his readers to construct for themselves the greater part of the surroundings of his personages from his description of the characters of the personages themselves. He made us acquainted with the man or woman in his chapters as if we had known him or her all our life; and knowing Pendennis or Becky Sharp, we had no difficulty in constructing the surroundings of either for ourselves. Thus it will be seen that these two eminent authors had not only different ideas about life, but absolutely contrasting principles of art. One worked from the externals inward; the other realized the unseen, and left the externals to grow of themselves. Three great peculiarities, however, they shared. Each lived and wrote of and for London. Dickens created for art the London of the middle and poorer classes; Thackeray did the same for the London of the upper class and for those who strive to imitate their ways. Neither ever even attempted to describe a man kept constantly above and beyond the atmosphere of mere egotism by some sustaining greatness or even intensity of purpose. In Dickens, as in Thackeray, the emotions described are those of conventional life merely. This is not to be said in disparagement of either artist. It is rather a tribute to an artist's knowledge of his own capacity and sphere of work that he only attempts to draw what he thoroughly understands. But it is proper to remark of Dickens and of Thackeray, as of Balzac, that the life they described was, after all, but the life of a coterie or a quarter, and that there existed side by side with their field of work a whole world of emotion, aspiration, struggle, defeat, and triumph, of which their brightest pages do not give a single suggestion. This is the more curious to observe because of the third peculiarity which Dickens and Thackeray had in common—a love for the purely ideal and romantic in fiction. There are many critics who hold that Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge* and the *Tale of Two Cities*, Thackeray in *Esmond*, exhibited powers which vindicated for their possessors a very rare infusion of that higher poetic spirit which might have made of both something greater than the painters of the manners of a day and a class. But to paint the manners of a day and a class as Dickens and Thackeray have done is to deserve fame and the gratitude of posterity. The age of Victoria may claim in this respect an equality at least with that of the reign which produced Fielding and Smollett; for if there are some who would demand for Fielding a higher place, on the whole, than can be given either to Dickens or to Thackeray, there are not many, on the other hand, who would not say that either Dickens or Thackeray is distinctly superior to Smollett. The age must claim a high place in art which could in one department alone produce two such competitors. Their effect upon their time was something marvellous. People talked Dickens or thought Thackeray.

Passion, it will be seen, counted for little in the works of Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens, indeed, could draw a conventionally or dramatically wicked man with much power and impressiveness; and Thackeray could suggest certain forms of vice with wonderful delicacy and yet vividness. But the passions which are common to all human natures in their elementary moods made but little play in the novels of either writer. Both were in this respect, for all their originality and genius in other ways, highly and even exclusively conventional. There was apparently a sort of understanding in the mind of each—indeed, Thackeray has admitted as much in his preface to *Pendennis*—that men and women were not to be drawn as men and women are known to be, but with certain reserves to suit conventional etiquette.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Harriet Martineau's career as a woman of letters and a teacher began, indeed, before the reign of Queen Victoria, but it was carried on almost without interruption during nearly forty years of the reign. She was political economist, novelist, historian, biographer, and journalist; and in no path did she fail to make her mark. Few women could have turned to the occupations of a political writer under greater physical disadvantages; and no man in this line of life, however well furnished by nature with physical and intellectual qualifications for success, could have done better work. She wrote some exquisite little stories, and one or two novels of more ambitious character. It is praise enough to give them when we say that, although fiction certainly was not work for which she was most especially qualified, yet what she did seems to be destined to live and hold a place in our literature. She was, so far as we know, the only Englishwoman who ever achieved distinct and great success as a writer of leading articles for a daily newspaper. Her strong prejudices and dislikes prevent her from being always regarded as a trustworthy historian. Her *History of the Thirty Years' Peace*—for it may be regarded as wholly hers, although Charles Knight began it—is a work full of vigorous thought and clear description, with here and there passages of genuine eloquence. But it is marred in its effect as a trustworthy narrative by the manner in which the authoress yields here and there to inveterate and wholesale dislikes; and sometimes, though not so often or so markedly, to an overwrought hero worship.

Miss Martineau had to a great extent an essentially masculine mind. She was often reproached with being unfeminine, and assuredly she would have been surprised to hear that there was any thing womanish in her way of criticising public events and men. Yet in reading her *History* one is sometimes amused to find that that partisanship which is commonly set down as a specially feminine quality affects her estimate of a statesman. Hers is not by any means the Carlylean way of starting with a theory, and finding all virtue and glory in the man who seems to embody it, and all baseness and stupidity in his opponents. But when she takes a dislike to a particular individual, she seems to assume that where he was wrong he must have been wrong of set malign purpose, and that where he chanced to be in the right it was in mistake, and in despite of his own greater inclination to be in the wrong. It is fortunate that these dislikes are not many, and also that they soon show themselves, and therefore cease to be seriously misleading. In all other respects the book well deserves careful study. The life of the woman is a study still more deeply interesting. Others of her sex there were of greater genius, even in her own time; but no Englishwoman ever followed with such perseverance and success a career of literary and political labor.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

"The blue-peter has long been flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year, I must soon expect the signal for sailing." In this quaint and cheery way, Mary Somerville, many years after the period at which we have now arrived in this work, described her condition and her quiet waiting for death. No one, surely, could have better earned the right to die by the labors of a long life devoted to the education and the improvement of her kind. Mary Somerville has probably no rival among women as a scientific scholar. Her summary of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, her treatise on the *Connection of the Physical Sciences*, and her *Physical Geography* would suffice to place any student, man or woman, in the foremost rank of scientific expounders. The *Physical Geography* is the only one of Mrs. Somerville's remarkable works which was published in the reign of Queen Victoria; but the publication of the other two preceded the opening of the reign by so short a time, and her career and her fame so entirely belong to the Victorian period, that, even if the *Physical Geography* had never been published, she must be included in this history. "I was intensely ambitious," Mrs. Somerville says of herself in her earlier days, "to excel in something, for I felt in my own breast that women were capable of taking a higher place in creation than that assigned to them in my early days, which was very low."

It is not exaggeration to say that Mrs. Somerville distinctly raised the world's estimate of woman's capacity for the severest and the loftiest scientific pursuits. She possessed the most extraordinary power of concentration, amounting to an entire absorption in the subject which she happened to be studying, to the exclusion of all disturbing sights and sounds. She had in a supreme degree that which Carlyle calls the first quality of genius—an immense capacity for taking trouble. She had also, happily for herself, an immense capacity for finding enjoyment in almost every thing: in new places, people, and thoughts; in the old familiar scenes and friends and associations. Hers was a noble, calm, fully rounded life. She worked as steadfastly and as eagerly in her scientific studies as Harriet Martineau did with her economics and her politics; but she had a more cheery, less sensitive, less eager and impatient nature than Harriet Martineau. She was able to pursue her most intricate calculations after she had passed her ninetieth year; and one of her chief regrets in dying was that she should not "live to see the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transit of Venus, and the source of the most renowned of rivers, the discovery of which will immortalize the name of Dr. Livingstone."

PERVERTED INGENUITY.

IT has often been remarked that the amount of ingenuity applied to unworthy purposes might, if directed to honest pursuits, be rewarded with prosperity and happiness, instead of so often reaping a harvest of detection and disgrace. It is not, however, very flattering to our vanity to know that while sharpers and swindlers abound, there is never any lack of ignorance and credulity to keep up the supply of dupes in whose simplicity imposture and assurance find an easy prey. Continual disclosures of fraud seem to have little effect in acting as a warning to imprudence, or in bringing about further public safeguards against repetitions of this form of dishonesty, the victim being generally caught by the same much-used but apparently not yet worn-out baits of the unscrupulous. Even the cautious may occasionally be victimized by bubble companies and other cunningly contrived pitfalls; but tradesmen are constantly being taken in by the same transparent tricks, exposed by police reports every week. A person goes, for instance, into a store and orders goods to be forwarded to a certain address—that of a respectable householder. The things are sent there and left, and in due course somebody calls at the house, saying that he has come from the shop for the parcel, as it had been left in mistake. The parcel is delivered up to the supposed store-keeper's messenger, who, of course, decamps with it, and is never heard of again.

In London recently quite a number fell victims to the feathered cheat of a certain bird-fancier before it was found out. In his window was exhibited a cage containing two birds, one an ordinary greenfinch with such plumage as nature had been pleased to endow it; the other, also a member of the same family of birds, but as pretentious a humbug as its fellow was the reverse. On the head of the unconscious bird was a snowy top-knot, while plumes of brilliant colors branched out from among the ordinary feathers of its tail, glue having unquestionably something to do with the appearance of its borrowed plumes. Yet this palpable burlesque of a tropical bird was palmed off on numerous unsuspecting persons by the vender, who, pretending ignorance of its name and value, trumped up some story about a nautical friend of his having brought it home from "foreign parts." Appearing indifferent to its supposed rarity, and not caring to be bothered with the unknown specimen, in a sudden fit of generosity he parts with it to the purchaser for the absurd consideration of a sum ten times its real value.

As bright an example of perverted ingenuity was developed in Paris during the time of the Exhibition. Three persons, it seems, are necessary to carry out the trick, the *modus operandi* of which is as follows: A man, accompanied apparently by his wife and daughter, enters a shop in which the articles lie about a little carelessly, and the gentleman at once goes up to the head assistant behind the counter and makes a confidential communication. "I must warn you," he says, "that my wife is afflicted with kleptomania. Be so good as to watch her, but not to say any thing to her which might make her think you have any suspicions." The elder lady is consequently watched with great care, all the shop being on the alert. Some article is pilfered in due course, the theft noticed, and the gentleman, on going out, quietly and promptly pays for what has been taken. While the store-keeper is congratulating himself on the honesty of the husband, the trio are making off with a valuable booty secured by the younger lady, whose movements had not been watched at all. But the best part of the stratagem remains to be told. In case the disappearance of the articles really stolen should be perceived a little too soon, and the party be followed by the indignant shop-keepers, nothing is easier than to express regret and surprise that there should have been other mistakes, and to return the articles with profuse apologies. By this ruse a considerable degree of safety is insured even if the swindlers are balked of their booty: the scheme provides for escape as well as for success.

A German in Paris lately adopted a plan which was successful in despoiling shop-keepers of their goods. Provided with a loaf of bread, which he carried unconcernedly under one arm, he would saunter up and down in front of the shop windows, till, watching his opportunity, he would seize some small article exposed outside, or otherwise within his reach, and secrete it in his loaf. Suspected, and at last arrested, he was subjected to a strict search, and was on the point of being released, when some one thought of the loaf, which the accused had laid unnoticed on a form. On examining it, a watch, some rings, and other missing articles were disclosed to the surprised spectators, and another swindling dodge thus exposed.

Equally successful for a time was another system of robbery practiced not very long since in the streets of London. A man dressed like

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* From Justin M'Carthy's *History of Our Own Times*. New York: Harper and Brothers.